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PRAYER.

BY W. G.

If you know the heart is sore,
That dwells apart without a home;
At times before my lonely door,
Your steps might roam.

If you knew how thoughts are bright,
When soul soul feel a tender glance;
Your eyes would seek my window-light,
As if by chance.

If you knew the healing cheer,
A heart can to another bring;
You sure would, like a sister dear,
Sit near and sing.

If you knew I love you so,
If you knew your soul's true place;
You e'en might enter, soft and low,
In simple grace!

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG girl stepped out upon the balcony which ran along the tall first floor windows of Court Regna, and lightly resting her clasped hands upon the rail, gazed straight before her.

Her name was Claire Sartoris. She was on the verge of twenty, and she was very beautiful.

A girl must be extremely good-looking nowadays to attract attention, to say nothing of admiration, because there are so many good-looking girls about, and they have all learnt the art of setting forth their beauty to the best advantage.

No man—or, for that matter, woman—ever passed Claire without taking a second glance; and many a man carried the remembrance of her face about with him for days, sometimes for years, afterwards.

Her face was oval and colorless. It had been likened to old ivory; it had also been likened to a peach with the bloom off it; neither simile was a good one.

Her hair was dark, black indeed, but of soft texture, and inclined to curl and ripple above the low brow. Her brows were rather heavy for a young girl, and under their shadow the gray eyes sometimes looked black, and sometimes violet. It was, indeed, rather difficult to tell, without close examination, what their color really was.

Her mouth was not particularly small, and the lips were delicate rather than full, but exquisitely shaped. They were expressive lips, and the expression they wore conveyed to the observer the impression that their owner possessed a strong will, and had learnt the secret of how "to suffer in strength and silence."

She was slim of figure, but supple, and her attitude as she bent forward, slightly over the rail, was full of that grace which is one of God's gifts to woman. She was dressed in plain black merino, relieved only by an edging of white lace at her throat and at her waist, which, though it was not particularly fashionable, suited her marvellously.

From where she stood she could just see above the tree tops a slice of greenish-blue sea, over which the sun was shining redly. Below her lay wide and velvety lawns, studded by well-kept flower beds, glowing like parterres of rubies and amethysts set in a surrounding of emerald. Beyond the lawns rose the trees, which in a dark line stretched away to right and left, sloping up to the cliffs, which they clothed and hid.

It was one of the loveliest views in England, and quite unique of its kind, for the cliffs of old Albion are mostly bare of foliage; but these of Court Regna were clothed as by a rich garment. But, though she appeared to be looking at it, Claire did not see it.

She was absorbed in thought. For one of the most wonderful things that had ever happened to a young girl had happened to her, and although it had occurred to her a fortnight ago, the wonder and the marvel of it still held possession of her, and day and night she thought and pondered over it, sometimes asking herself whether it was really true.

For, a fortnight ago, Lord Wharton had died, and left Court Regna, with its miles of land, its substantial farms, the village of Regna, everything in the great house from cellar to garret, everything in the vast stables, from a worn-out broom to the costly horses, to Claire Sartoris. And as she stood on the balcony, with her eyes fixed dreamily on the setting sun, her half-parted lips were saying, "It is all mine! I am the mistress of Court Regna."

She did not say it boastfully or gloatingly, but wonderingly, and almost sadly, as if the vastness of her possessions weighed upon her, as if she felt lonely in the great house, surrounded by the dark fringe of wind-tossed trees.

As she stood thus, she heard the sound of rolling wheels coming up the drive to the entrance, and with a start and a slightly heightened color, she entered the room behind her, and stood with one hand resting upon the back of a chair, as if waiting. Presently the door opened, and a footman in dark livery announced in hushed and expressionless tones—

"Mrs. Lexton!"

A middle-aged lady, with a worn face and timid eyes, entered, and Claire, with a faint smile, went forward to meet her, and took her hand and kissed her.

"So you have come, Mary!" she said, in a low voice, with a perceptible tremor in it.

"Yes, Claire," said the elder woman, much agitated; "of course, I came directly. Why did you not send for me before?—thought it was very good of you to send for me at all. Oh, my dear, how tall you have grown! And how"—her voice dropped—"how beautiful!"

Claire blushed slightly, but only for a moment.

"I should scarcely have known you," went on Mrs. Lexton; "you have altered so."

"I was only a child when you saw me last, Mary," said Claire. "And a great deal has happened since then."

"Yes, yes!" nervously assented Mrs. Lexton, with her timid eyes fixed upon the beautiful face, as if she could not remove them. "I am so anxious to hear it all! You must have so much to tell me ——"

"Yes," said Claire, in a low, firm voice, which, for all its firmness, was like a note of music. "But you must come and take off your things. It is nearly dinner time, but you shall have your tea all the same; I will have it sent up to your room."

She rang the bell.

"Some tea to Mrs. Lexton's room," she said to the footman. And Mrs. Lexton watched her, as if impressed by the girl's quiet dignity and air of command. "Come!" said Claire, and, drawing Mrs. Lexton's arm within hers, she led her to the room prepared for her.

As they went along the corridor, the elder woman looked about her, and down at the great hall, not with vulgar curiosity, but with a kind of wonder on her refined face.

Claire noticed it, and smiled faintly; and Mrs. Lexton murmured, apologetically—

"I am not used to such grandeur, dear."

"You will very soon get used to it, Mary," said Claire. "Sit down in that easy chair, and let me take your bonnet off for you. How tired you must be after your long journey! You are looking just the same, Mary; just the same kind, lovable face, just as I have pictured it many and many a time. Heaven knows how often I have longed for a sight of your face; and how often I have longed to write and tell you of that longing."

"He would not let you write, dear?" said Mrs. Lexton, in an awed whisper.

Claire turned her eyes away.

"He would not let me write to anyone, nor see anyone of my old friends," said Claire. "The first day I came here, years ago, Lord Wharton told me of his wish in the matter. It was his express command that I should hold no communication whatever with those I had left."

"I know—I understand—dear!" said Mrs. Lexton. "How sad it must have been for you! Have you been very unhappy here?"

Claire looked out of the window, thoughtfully.

"Not very unhappy," she said; "scarcely unhappy at all. Sometimes it has been very lonely—for Lord Wharton would see no one; no one came here——"

"And you have been shut up in this great house alone, with an old man?"

"Yes," said Claire.

A maid in mourning, with spotless collar and cuffs of white linen, brought in the tea. Claire poured out a cup.

"You take sugar, I remember," she said.

The elder woman was so absorbed in her curiosity, so full of wonder at the calmness, the exquisite repose, of the solitary young girl, that she held the cup in her hand, and seemed to forget the tea, though every nerve was aching for it.

"Tell me everything, Claire, dear!" she said. "It is all so strange, seems so wonderful, that I can scarcely realize it."

She looked round the expensively furnished room, as if it would help her.

Claire sat on the bed, and leant her arm on the broad brass rail.

"When it comes to telling you, Mary," she said, "there seems, after all, so little to tell. Nothing eventful seems to have occurred since Lord Wharton sent for me five years ago. I remember that night as clearly as if it was but yesterday.

"They brought me into the library, which you will see presently, and there I saw a very old man sitting upright in a great oak chair. He looked so white, that I remember I thought he must be half dead; but his eyes were full of fierce life, and I trembled as he fixed them piercingly on me."

She paused a moment, as if she were recalling the scene, and Mrs. Lexton gripped the teacup nervously, and, leaning forward, gazed at the dreamy face.

"'So you are Claire?' he said; 'and you have come to take charge of Court Regna and me?' He laughed, or his mouth shaped as if he were laughing, though no sound came. 'A young mistress!' he said. 'Let us come to an understanding! If you remain here, you will be good enough to forget everything that you have left behind. You will write to no one—see no one of your people. You will belong to me. Young as you are, you will understand what I mean, I think, for you do not look a fool!' I said nothing; but he seemed satisfied, and he rang the bell. The housekeeper came, and he said to her, 'This is Miss Claire Sartoris. She is mistress here; you will do as she tells you—you may go!' That was all. From that day to this everyone in the place regarded me as its mistress.

"Claire! And you so young!"

"Yes; but I soon grew old. I was free to go where I pleased, do as I pleased, as long as I was ready at his call."

"He was not unkind to you, Claire?"

"Not unkind," said Claire; "but not kind. He could not be. There was scarcely a moment that he was not in pain. He never complained; but it seemed to madden him sometimes, and then"—she paused—"at those times he seemed to hate the whole world, and especially those near him; and whenever the black fits were upon him, he would remind me that my future was at his disposal, and that I had no claim upon him."

"My poor Claire! And yet——"

"Only the night before he died, he told me that he had left me nothing beyond a small income. I did not expect any more—I did not want any more. I had grown fond of him——"

Her voice dropped, and her eyes became downcast. "I was sorry that he was dead. When the lawyer, Mr. Hapley, came and asked me to be present at the reading of the will, I begged him to excuse me, but he insisted; and I sat in a corner of the darkened room, scarcely listening, and not understanding a word. And it was only after he'd explained to me two or three times that I understood that Lord Wharton had left me everything of which he was possessed."

"Everything, Claire?" breathed Mrs. Lexton.

"Everything!" said Claire. "The house, the whole estate—everything!"

Mrs. Lexton drew a long breath.

"It is wonderful!" she murmured.

"It is wonderful!" assented Claire. "I have not, even yet, fully realized it. Lord Wharton himself told me that I was to expect nothing but a few hundred a year. In moments of anger he had threatened to deprive me even of those. Never by word or sign had he given me any hint of his intention to make me his heiress."

Mrs. Lexton leant back.

"And the relations, Claire?" she asked.

"I do not know of any," said Claire; "excepting very distant ones, like myself. There were some at the funeral and the reading of the will; but no one came here during Lord Wharton's lifetime, and he held no communication with them. I know, because I read and wrote all his letters. He saw no one but the doctor and Mr. Hapley, the lawyer, who is the agent of the estate."

"It is like a romance!" said Mrs. Lexton.

"It is. Sometimes I think I shall wake and find it all a dream. When I am sitting by myself, alone in this great house, I often think that I hear his voice—it was harsh and hard, and you could hear it at a great distance—calling to me; and I rise and take half a dozen steps towards his room. Then I remember that he is dead, and that I am my own mistress, and that he will never call me again."

There was silence for a minute or two.

"And what do you mean to do, Claire?" asked Mrs. Lexton. "You will go away for a change; leave here for awhile?"

"No, I think not," said Claire, musingly. "I have been here so long that I feel frightened at the thought of going into the world. I am like the prisoner of the Bastille, who, when they had released him, begged them to take him back to his cell."

"But, my dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Lexton.

Claire smiled.

"That is my feeling at present. It may pass in time; but for the present I will

stay here. I have sent for you to keep me company, Mary. You will not feel it dull or lonely?"

Mrs. Lexton laughed.

"My dear Claire, how could I possibly feel dull with you, and in such a place as this? Its beauty and its grandeur makes me feel very much as Aladdin must have felt when he first saw his palace. I think if I were to remain here twenty years, I should find enough to amuse and interest me."

Claire laughed.

"And yet you have seen so little of it?" she said. "Would you like to walk round the house, or are you too tired?"

Mrs. Lexton rose instantly.

"It is what I am dying to do," she said, as she caught up her bonnet.

They went down the broad staircase, and into the hall. Claire waved her hand slightly.

"Family portraits," she said. "That is Lord Wharton."

Mrs. Lexton gazed with awe at the grim, stern face.

"It is the last on the line," she said; "are there any others?" She spoke almost in a whisper, as if she were in church, for the stained windows gave a dim, religious light to the vast place, and the vaulted roof resembled that of a cathedral.

"There are no others after his," said Claire. She pointed out the tattered flags hanging from the roof, the men in armor, and the ancient weapons arranged in quaint patterns upon the panelled walls; and then she drew her companion through the wide doorway into the open air.

They stood upon the terrace for a moment or two, while Mrs. Lexton looked at the long and noble facade in silent amazement.

"I've read of such places, and seen pictures of them, Claire," she said; "but I have never imagined any places like this."

"There are very few like it," said Claire, absently. "But let us come into the garden."

They crossed the lawn, Mrs. Lexton marvelling at every step, and following a winding path through the trees, mounted to the cliff, to a spot from which the trees had been cleared, and from which they could obtain a panoramic view of the sea, the coast line, and the fields and woods of Court Regna stretching far inland. Mrs. Lexton looked round for a time in speechless admiration; then a cluster of houses built in a cleft of the rocks which formed a narrow valley running steeply to the sea, caught her eye, and she exclaimed—

"There is a village there, Claire. What is it?"

"That is Regna," said Claire. "It is a very famous place. There is no other village in England like it. There is just one street, as you see, and it is so steep that no carriage can go down it; most of the roadway is composed of steps. Those little dots you see moving up it are donkeys, bringing up fish from the boats which lie inside the harbor. Do you see the little pier?"

Mrs. Lexton drew a long breath of appreciation and delight.

"It is wonderful," she said. "It is like a picture."

"A great many pictures have been made of it," said Claire. "Artists come from all parts of the world to paint it. There is not a cottage or a nook in it that has not been put on canvas. Regna is one of the show places, and in the season hundreds of excursionists flock in to it. They come by coach from Thraxton, which is about fourteen miles away, or by steamer. The narrow street is sometimes so crowded that one can scarcely pass. That is in the season, of course; at other times it is as quiet and deserted as any other English village."

"To whom does it belong?" asked Mrs. Lexton.

"To Lord Wharton—I mean, to me."

Mrs. Lexton stared.

"To you? To you? The whole village!" exclaimed Mrs. Lexton.

"Yes," said Claire, calmly. "Every house; a great many of the boats themselves; those donkeys may be mine; certainly every inch of the land is. I do not know whether the vessels pay a toll to the pier, if they do, it is mine."

"Oh, I cannot realise it, Claire."

Claire smiled.

"And now you can understand how I fail to realize it," she said, gently.

They walked on, and presently they came to another clearing, from which they could see prosperous farms, dotted amongst the neatly-hedged fields.

"And these?" asked Mrs. Lexton.

"Are mine, also," said Claire. "That large farm is Westcroft, and that Low Barton, and that one over there Failby. The farm near the house, just beyond the stables, is the Home Farm. It supplies us with butter, cream and eggs, and it costs a small fortune to keep up."

"Those woods over there in the distance, surely those are not yours?"

"Indeed, yes!" replied Claire. "The estate stretches farther than you can see."

Mrs Lexton drew another long breath.

"I am growing bewildered, Claire," she said. "I cannot take it all in at one view. I must come up here and look steadily at one part of it, and when I have realized that that belongs to you, I must turn to another part, and so on."

Claire laughed softly.

"We will go down this way," she said, "and look at the stables; you will not have to see the whole, but we will just walk through."

They went down by a winding path, similar to that by which they had ascended, and, pausing under a lofty arch of stone, entered the paved stable-yard. Grooms and stable-helps touched their caps, and stood expectant and ready to obey Claire's command. With a word to one and the other, she led Mrs. Lexton into the stables. They were lofty, and constructed on the most approved principles, and the horses of Court Regna were better housed than many a human being.

Mrs. Lexton marvelled at it all, and marvelled still more at the familiar and fearless way in which Claire went from stall to stall and patted and caressed the horses.

"This is my special mare," she said drawing the sleek head of the beautiful animal down to her cheek.

"You ride—but, of course?" said Mrs. Lexton.

"I spend most of my time in the saddle," said Claire; "or driving this pair of cobs. I will take you for a drive to-morrow, and you must learn to drive yourself; you shall begin with that dear old pony there; he has been petted so much that he is almost human, and, indeed, is more trustworthy than most humans."

As they passed out by a door at the lower end of the stables, a gentleman came towards them, as if he had just left the house.

He was an oldish man, tall and gaunt, his broad shoulders stooped slightly, and his long arms swung in a peculiar manner at his sides. His face was big featured, with beetling brows, from under which gleamed small and cunning-looking eyes. The mouth was huge and coarse, though the lips were thin. He was dressed in dark and sober clothes, and looked every inch a professional man.

At sight of him Mrs. Lexton was conscious of a feeling of repugnance, and as the small eyes darted stealthily from Claire to her, she drew back timidly.

CHAPTER II.

HE raised his hat, with a smile that was at once obsequious and self-assertive.

"Good evening, Miss Sartoris," he said, in a subdued, but harsh voice. "I have driven over to see you about the lease of Westcroft, but you are engaged, I see."

"My friend, Mrs. Lexton, has but just arrived," said Claire.

He raised his hat in acknowledgment of the introduction.

"I will come over to-morrow," he said. "Or, perhaps, Mordaunt will come, he knows all about the lease."

"Very good," said Claire. "But will you not stay and dine with us?"

"Thank you, no, Miss Sartoris; there are one or two things I wish to see to, and I want to get back; thank you all the same. There is nothing I can do for you? No? Then I will wish you good-evening. Good-evening, madam." And, raising his hat again, he bowed and stood aside to allow them to pass.

"Who was that, Claire?" asked Mrs. Lexton, when they got out of hearing.

"Mr. Sapley, the lawyer and agent."

"What an odd-looking man!"

"Odd?" said Claire.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Lexton, reluctantly, but as if she were forced to explain. "Don't you think he has a most unpleasant face?"

"Did it strike you so?" asked Claire.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lexton. "It reminded me of a serpent's: it was so broad at the top, and his eyes glittered so. But, forgive me, Claire, it is like my presumption to criticise your friends so harshly—and within a few hours of my arrival, too."

Claire smiled.

"I don't know that Mr. Sapley is exactly a friend of mine, Mary," she said. "The Sapleys have been agents to the estate for over so many years, and Lord Wharton places the fullest confidence in him—though he never made a friend of him. But he made no friends of anyone. And did you not like Mr. Sapley's face?"

Mrs. Lexton gave a feminine little shudder.

"It isn't of any consequence, Claire," she said.

"I suppose he is not particularly pleasant looking, but I have got used to him, and his countenance doesn't impress me as it has impressed you. Use is everything."

"Who is Mordaunt?" asked Mrs. Lexton. "His clerk?"

"No, his son," replied Claire, indifferently. "I have seen very little of him. He has just come from Oxford, I believe."

Mrs. Lexton gazed at her companion in a half-bewildered way. She remembered her a girl, all legs and wings, stooping over an exercise book in a cheap sea-side lodging, and the change, not only in Claire's circumstances, but in her form, face and manner, confused the over-timid woman.

As they re-entered the house, by a door opening into the back hall, a bell rang somewhere above them.

"That is the dressing-bell," said Claire. "You will not need to make an elaborate toilet, Mary; we are, of course, quite alone. Can you find your way down to the drawing room—see, this is it—or, shall I come and fetch you?"

When Mrs. Lexton came down, she found Claire awaiting her in a drawing room of vast proportions, and decorated in dull white and gold, with furniture and hangings of amber and sea-blue.

The room was magnificently striking; but Claire was still more striking as she stood by the window, looking at the falling sun. Her maid had, perhaps in honor of the visitor, clothed her in a plain, but rich, black silk, the soft texture of which draped her graceful figure to perfection.

The maid had also fastened a diamond ornament in the dark hair, and placed a red rose in the bosom of the dress. Claire was quite unconscious of the effect she produced—indeed, she scarcely knew what she wore—and she came forward, quite simply, and drew her friend's arm through hers as the butler announced dinner.

The dining-room was not particularly large, but it was famous for its old oak and its pictures and plate, and impressed Mrs. Lexton, even more perhaps than any other part of the house had done.

The dinner was not an elaborate one, as dinners go nowadays, but its courses seemed endless to the faded woman, for whom a chop or a sole had hitherto amply sufficed for her principal meal; and the noiseless ministrations of the stately butler, and the two tall footmen, made her for a time nervous and constrained; but, aided by Claire's quiet and perfect self-possession, Mrs. Lexton succeeded in dispelling her feeling of shyness, and the two friends talked freely, and enjoyed their meal. But all through it Mrs. Lexton's wonder at the change in Claire remained with her.

When they returned to the drawing room, Claire took her by the arms and gently forced her into a deep-seated chair.

"Now you shall rest, Mary, and I will play to you," she said. "I must have tired you out with my talking!"

Mrs. Lexton leant back in the luxurious chair with a sigh of content, and Claire went to the piano.

As she played softly, she was thinking of the past, which the presence of this middle-aged cousin of hers had brought back so plainly.

She had been left an orphan in Mary Lexton's charge, and had been brought up by her until the day Lord Wharton had suddenly remembered his very distant relation, Claire Sartoris, and had sent for her.

She went on playing for a time, almost forgetful of her auditor, and when she presently looked round she found that Mrs. Lexton had fallen asleep. She rose softly, and stood looking down at her for a moment or two, then she went to the open window and stood gazing over the lawn.

It was still light, a rosy light from the sunset, and Claire, taking a small Indian shawl from a chair, put it over her head, gipsy fashion, and went down the steps into the garden.

She wandered slowly between the flower-beds, picking a flower now and again, intending to make a bouquet for Mrs. Lexton, who was passionately fond of flowers. And, with a bunch in her hand, she went aimlessly along the smooth path towards the woods, which ran to the very verge of the garden.

The shadowy coolness under the trees tempted her to enter, and she passed into the twilight made by the thick, overhanging bows.

A little way into the wood was a small arbor, raised above the path by a mound; and she went into it and sat down, and began to arrange the flowers. She had not been there many minutes when she heard footsteps, and, looking down, she saw a young man walking along the path in the direction of the house.

He was not a bad-looking young fellow; and wore a riding-suit, not together ungracefully; though he did not carry his head very well, and was rather round-shouldered. Claire knew him—it was Mr. Mordaunt Sapley.

As he came abreast of the arbor he stopped, and, looking round, whistled and called "Trap, Trap!" and Claire, bending forward, saw a fox terrier pup playing amongst the brake at a little distance. It was so engrossed in sniffing out the rabbits that it either did not hear its master's call, or ignored it; and Claire saw Mr. Mordaunt Sapley's face grow impatient, and then angry.

At that moment Claire was struck by a certain resemblance in the son's face to his father's. She had always thought—if she had thought about it at all—that Mr. Mordaunt was rather good looking; but at that moment he looked ugly and repellent.

He called the pup two or three times, and with an oath. The dog came at last—came cringingly. Mordaunt picked it up by the scruff of its neck, and, holding it aloft, lashed it cruelly with his riding-whip.

The wretched little animal shrieked piteously; and Claire, crimson with indignation, sprang to her feet, and had gained the door of the arbor, with the intention of rushing down to rescue the dog, when someone sprang from the opposite bank, and, alighting almost on the top of Mr. Mordaunt, snatched both dog and whip from his grasp, and sent him backwards against a tree.

Claire stood rooted to the spot, her hands clench at her side, a thrill of womanly satisfaction and delight stirring through every vein.

The newcomer was a young man of stalwart proportions, and, as he confronted Mr. Mordaunt, of more than usually imposing appearance. His face was red, under a coating of tan, and a pair of brown eyes flashed with ominous fierceness into Mr. Mordaunt's small ones. With a woman's quickness, Claire noticed that his tweed suit was worn and travel-stained, and that his boots were covered with dust.

She waited and watched intently. The newcomer patted the dog with a gentleness which, coming after his furious onslaught, surprised Claire, and set it down; then he bent Mr. Mordaunt's whip until it snapped in twain, and flung the pieces at that gentleman's feet.

"I should advise you not to buy another, sir," he said, "until you have learned to use it, or, rather, how not to use it."

His tone was almost a calm one, though his eyes were still flashing, and the strongly cut lips were still quivering. Mr. Mordaunt picked up his hat and glared wildly at him.

"Who are you?" he demanded, with suppressed passion.

"And who and what are you?" said the other, and still more calmly. "But don't trouble yourself. I'm not particularly anxious to know the name of a man who is cur enough to beat a young dog as you were beating that pup."

"Confound your impudence!" snarled Mordaunt, pushing his white face forward and clenching his fist. "How dare you interfere with me! What right have you to interfere? The dog's mine, and I've a right to beat it if I choose, without being called to account; to say nothing of being insulted, by every cursed tramp!"

"The dog may be yours," said the stranger, now perfectly calm; "but I question your right to beat it as you were doing, and every tramp would be justified in stepping in to the rescue. Why, you coward! you ought to thank me for letting you off so easily! You would, if you knew how hard it was for me to hold my hand. Thank your stars that I broke your whip across my knee, instead of across your back, as you deserve!"

Mordaunt's face was an excellent study for a painter, who wished to portray impotent rage.

"You—you are an insolent scoundrel!" he said, hoarsely. "What are you doing here? You've no right here; this is private ground, and you are trespassing!"

"That may be," said the other; "and if you are not the owner I will apologize. If you are, please understand that I hold my

self justified in trespassing anywhere to protect a helpless dog from a cowardly cad!"

The last word struck home, as a true word always does. Mr. Mordaunt, forgetting discretion in his fury, sprang forward with uplifted hand. The stranger waited, without moving a muscle, until Mrs. Mordaunt's arm was within reach; then he grasped it, and, in an extraordinary fashion, Mr. Mordaunt Sapley found himself lying on his back, staring up at the tree, as if he had lost all interest in the affair.

He had, in fact, been thrown down so suddenly and violently as to knock the senses out of him for a time. His opponent looked down at him for a minute with a grave smile; then he touched him with his foot.

"Get up!" he said, quietly. "The next time you feel particularly anxious to strike a man have your left ready to guard. Why, man, if I had liked, I could have knocked you through the trunk of that tree, instead of laying you gently on your back. Get up, for Heaven's sake! Here is your hat," and he rolled it forward with his foot.

Mr. Mordaunt got up on his legs—they seemed rather unsteady—and glared sullenly under his brows at his opponent.

"I'll—I'll trouble you for your name and address! You will pay for this! You've committed a brutal assault!"

"That's true," acquiesced the strange young man. "We've both committed a brutal assault—on a puppy." He smiled. "But you want my name; you shall have it. It's Gerald Wayre. I'm staying in this town, where you can serve me with any summons or process of law you may please."

Mordaunt fumbled for his pocket book, and, with a great show of calmness, proceeded to write down the name, but his hand trembled so that he dropped the pencil. The stranger, with a half-pitying, half-contemptuous smile, picked it up for him. Mordaunt snatched it from his hand.

"How do you spell it?" he snarled.

"I always spell it, W-a-y-r-e, but you can spell it as you like. I've a notion you won't forget it."

"You will hear from me," repeated Mordaunt. "I shall summon you for trespass and assault. My name is——"

"Don't trouble," said the stranger. "I'm not at all anxious to know your name—in fact the less I know about you, the better I shall be pleased."

"Leave these grounds!" hissed Mordaunt.

"I shall, when I've lit my pipe," was the response. "Meanwhile, I should advise you to go home as quickly as possible, and rub your back with embrocation, or you won't be able to move to morrow, and that would be a pity."

With a stifled oath, and a look of malignant fury, Mordaunt departed.

The victor, left in possession of the field, seated himself on the bank, and taking out a pipe, slowly and carefully filled it and lit it; and as carefully stamped out the match with his heel, in case it should ignite the dry bracken.

Claire had stood motionless during the whole of the scene, which was the most dramatic she had ever witnessed. She stood motionless still, being naturally desirous of concealing her presence. But presently she was somewhat startled by seeing something moving at her feet. It was nothing more terrible than the poor little fox terrier, creeping up to her for protection.

She stooped, as noiselessly as possible, and picked it up in her arms, where it nestled closely, still trembling, and pressing its soft head against her white, warm throat.

Cautiously as she had bent down, the sharp eyes of the young man had seen some movement. He looked up, and, as he saw her standing in the half light—a vision of loveliness, grace and dignity—his brown eyes opened to their fullest extent, and he held his pipe rigidly suspended away from his lips. Astonishment held him thrall.

Their eyes met, and the color began slowly to rise to the ivory of her face. Would he speak—come towards her?

He did neither. Lowering his eyes slowly, he rose and stretched himself, with an exaggerated air of ease, as if he wished to convey to her the impression that he had not seen her. Then he put on his hat, yawned slowly, and moved away.

Claire drew a long breath. If she had had any doubts about it before, the doubt was now dispelled, and she knew for certain that the man was a gentleman. Nothing could have been better done than his affection of not having seen her. It was the perfection of delicacy.

She waited for a few minutes, feeling relieved, and—must it be admitted?—vaguely disappointed, by his departure. Then, with the puppy still in her arms, she went quickly to the house.

She gave the dog to a groom, and told him to look it up, and then she went into the drawing-room where Mrs. Lexton, awake from her slumber, was half nervously awaiting her.

"I fell asleep, dear—I'm so sorry!" she said.

"But I'm very glad," said Claire. "It is the very best thing you could have done after your long journey. We will have some tea now; or would you prefer coffee?"

"It seems so rude of me to fall asleep the very first evening," said Mrs. Lexton, with self-deprecation. "Have you been into the garden?" glancing at the shawl which Claire had thrown on a chair.

"Yes; it is beautiful out to-night——"

Mrs. Lexton interrupted her with an exclamation.

"Claire! Your diamond ornament!"

Claire put her hand up to her hair. The spray was missing.

It was a valuable piece of jewelry, and, for a moment, she was filled with consternation; and then, desirous of relieving Mrs. Lexton's anxiety, she said lightly:

"Oh, that is all right."

"You took it off before you went out?" said Mrs. Claxton. "That was wise, dear."

While they were at their tea, a footman entered.

"A gentleman wishes to know if he can see you, miss?" he said.

"A gentleman? What is his name?"

"He did not give it me, miss. He said you wouldn't know it. He apologized for coming so late; but said it was important business, and that he would not detain you more than a minute. He is in the library."

"Very well," said Claire.

She poured out another cup of tea for Mrs. Lexton, then rose, and with a glance at her hair, and that little touch which the least vain of women seem bound to bestow upon it on such occasions, went into the library.

The principal actor in the melodrama of the woods was standing under the candelabra, and on the table in front of him lay her diamond spray.

CHAPTER III.

IN her surprise, Claire started slightly, and a faint color came into her face. The young man regarded her gravely, and inclined his head.

Claire saw by the light of the lamp that he was good-looking, if not actually handsome; the dark eyes looked from under level brows; there was a slight wave to the short hair, the mouth was firm, strong, and looked rather pugnacious, and the square chin carried on the impression. In short, strength spoke from the face as distinctly as it proclaimed itself in the figure.

Claire noticed, also, a certain air of pride which belonged to face and manner. For instance, though the inclination of the head was respectful enough, there was nothing approaching the servile in it, but a kind of restraint which seemed to intimate that the young man considered himself to be in the presence of an equal.

All this Claire took in, just as a camera takes in a view, in an instant, and as she stood waiting for him to speak.

"Miss Sartoris?" he said.

And the voice, though much gentler than that in which he had spoken to Mr. Mordaunt Sapley, was grave, and not without dignity.

"I am Miss Sartoris," assented Claire.

"I have to apologise for disturbing you at so late an hour, Miss Sartoris," he said; "but I found this ornament in the little wood or spinney over yonder, and guessing that it must belong to you or some lady staying at the house, I thought it best to bring it here at once. The owner would naturally be anxious about it."

"Thank you; I am very much obliged to you," said Claire. "It belongs to me; I must have dropped it in the woods."

He did not say "I saw you there"; but he took up the spray, and looked at it thoughtfully.

"They are diamonds, and of great value, I suppose?" he said, as he handed it to her; and his dark eyes sought hers.

Claire took the ornament, and glanced at it indifferently.

"Yes; they are diamonds. And I suppose it is of value."

"Then I'm very glad I found it," he said. "But—you'll forgive me—must it not have been very insecurely fastened for you to have dropped it without knowing it."

"There is only the long hairpin to which it is attached," said Claire. "Will you not sit down?" she added.

He declined, with a slight movement of his head.

"I will not detain you," he said. "I was only going to say that it would be as well if you were to fasten it more securely for the future. Some man as poor, but a little more dishonest, may pick it up next time, and then——"

He smiled.

Claire colored, but smiled, too.

"I am afraid one is very careless about such things," she said, "and deserves to lose them; but I didn't make the thing, and"—she looked at it—"I am sure I don't know how to fasten it more securely."

"Permit me," he said, and held out his hand.

He examined the long double pin.

"Nothing could be easier," he said. "You have only to fix a couple of small screws or nuts on the ends of these pins when you've placed the ornament in your hair."

"That would be a great deal of trouble," said Claire.

"Yes," he admitted; "almost as much trouble as looking for it when it is lost. But, I beg your pardon. I am presuming to offer you advice which I'm afraid is not very valuable."

Claire's eloquent lips parted with a smile.

"I don't think it is," she said. "No one could possibly fasten screws on this thing when it was once in the hair."

He laughed, and it was a very pleasant little laugh, as frank as his eyes.

"I might have known I was presuming," he said. "It was the old business of 'fools rushing in where angels feared to tread.' My only excuse is that I meant well." He took a step towards the door as he spoke.

"No excuse is necessary," said Claire. "It was very kind of you to make the suggestion; and I am grateful to you, both for it and the restoration of my spray. Will you tell me to whom I owe my thanks?" she added, with a certain timidity which made her voice sound graver than the occasion required.

He stopped and looked at her calmly and respectfully.

"My name is Gerald Wayre," he replied.

"I have to offer you an apology for trespassing," he went on. "I was on the way this evening to the village, and I was tempted to stray off the footpath into the woods. I am aware that in these parts wanton trespass approaches a capital offence; but I hope you'll forgive me."

Claire smiled.

"On this occasion the trespass was a very fortunate one for me," she said. "If you had not gone into the woods you would not have found my spray."

She waited a moment to see if he would refer to the quarrel with Mordaunt Sapley, and admit that he had seen her; but, as he did not do so, she added:

"Are you staying in the village?"

"Yes, for a short time," he said.

Claire was conscious of a singular curiosity respecting him; singular, because, as a rule, she felt little curiosity about anyone.

"Are you an artist?" she asked.

He hesitated a moment.

"Well, I suppose an architect is something of an artist," he said.

"You are an architect?"

"Yes, I suppose I may say so," he replied, "though I have not architected much. I am studying the business. It is a good excuse for wandering about, and staring at buildings old and new, hideous and otherwise."

"I am afraid you will not find anything very interesting in Regna," said Claire.

"I don't know," he said, as if he were not so certain. "There's an old ruin on the hill over there which looks worth interviewing."

"It is St. Anne's Chapel," said Claire, quickly. Of course, it belonged to her. "If you would like to examine it I will give you the key; the entrance gate is locked. I had forgotten the chapel. But there is nothing else, I think."

"No, excepting this house," he said. "Thank you very much for the key; I shall be very glad to have it."

"Is this house interesting?" asked Claire.

"Oh, yes; a portion of it," he said. "It is almost unique in its way."

"I did not know it," she remarked. "If you would like to examine it, to take sketches, or—or whatever it is you do, please do so."

"You are very kind," he said. "But I'm afraid I should be somewhat of a nuisance, should I not? It is not as if the house were unoccupied."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE EAR.—The ear of the elephant, like his eye, is small in proportion to the size of the animal, although the flap of skin which covers it is often of considerable size. The hearing of the elephant, however, is singularly acute.

BAKERS.—In Republican Rome it was the custom for each household to bake enough bread for its requirements, and not to purchase; even under the Cæsars, when there was a goodly number of bakers in the city, the better-class families adhered to the old style of baking at home.

WEIGHING IT.—Outside Florence there are inns where the hugest of bottles are to be seen. The landlord weighs the "diva bottiglia" when it is placed on the table; it is weighed again when the Tuscan topers have finished their bout, and the quantity consumed can thus be accurately gauged and duly charged for.

THE PERFORMING DOG.—An amusing story is told by a French contemporary of an incident which recently occurred at a town in the South of France during the Christmas visit of a circus. One of the chief attractions of the show was a troupe of performing dogs, and, after they had gone through various feats, their trainer observed that Asor, the most accomplished of them all, would favor the audience with a pianoforte solo. Accordingly Asor mounted a chair and struck up the "Marseillaise." At this moment however some one in the audience shouted out "Rats!" Asor made one bound in the direction of the cry; but the pianoforte went on playing!

THE NOSE.—The nose is one of the most distinctive signs of temperament. Coleridge used to say that "perhaps snuff was the final cause of the human nose," and that, "perhaps the human nose was the final cause of the human race." A "Roman" nose, well arched in the centre, or near the forehead, indicates that its owner is born to command; the "Grecian" nose, or the aquiline, shows refinement and delicacy, combined with self control and a strong will. The straight nose denotes a temperament between the two extremes—an equal power to act, and an equal power to suffer. The retrousse nose, so favored in fiction, tells of a happy disposition, and of a love of self, combined with consideration for others. Those who have a keen sense of humor generally possess a very "turned up" nose.

THE HISTORY OF UMBRELLAS.—Umbrellas when first used in this country were heavy, clumsy articles, which did not hold well together.—Considerable ingenuity has been exercised to bring them to their present compact and elegant shape. In their early days they usually had long handles, with ribs of whalebone or cane, very rarely of metal, and stretchers of cane. The jointing of the ribs and stretchers to each other was very rough. Oiled silk or cotton, both of which are heavy in substance, and liable to stick together in folds, was used as the covering material. Gingham was soon substituted for the oiled silk, and in 1848 a patent was taken out for the use of alpaca as a covering material. The next great improvement was in 1852, when the invention was introduced of the "paragon" rib, which is formed of a thin strip of steel rolled into a U or trough section. This gives great strength for the weight of metal.

THEN AND NOW.—The word "tomboy," now applied to a rude young woman, formerly meant a rude young man or boy. Furlong was at first a furrow long, or the distance that a pair of oxen would plough in half-an-hour. Shrewd once signified evil or wicked. Thomas Fuller used the expression "a shrewd fellow," meaning a wicked man. The word "hoyden," now applied exclusively to a noisy young woman, formerly denoted a person of like character but of either sex. Equivocation, a word now applied to any evasion, was once understood to mean the calling of diverse things by the same name. Peck originally meant a basket or receptacle for grain or other substances. The expression at first had no reference to size. To starve was once to die any manner of death. Wycliffe's sermons tell how "Christ starved on the cross for the redemption of men." Bombast once signified the cotton that was employed to stuff garments, particularly the enormous trunk hose worn in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Acre once meant any field. It is still used with this significance in allusion to a burial ground.

THE black diamond is so hard that it cannot be polished.

SPRING'S HARBINGER.

BY M. S.

The meads are brown and bare and bleak,
The skies are chill and gray,
The hungry robins shelter seek
In leafless boughs to-day;
The skylark's joyous voice is still,
The thrushes pine and mourn,
The white mists cling to wood and hill,
The raindrops to the thorn.

But hark—a silvery paean rings
O'er wood and hill and lea!
In triumph-tones the blackbird sings
A rapturous melody,
Till larks forget their cheerless moods,
And happy visions throng
On robins of the full-leaved woods
And by-ways sweet with song.

A moment since that blackbird bold,
Searching the garden bed,
Saw, bright above the dark-brown mould,
A gleam of golden red;
He spied the first bright crocus flower
Through the damp earth appear,
And tells in tones of pride and power
Spring's harbinger is here!

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

HE smiled at the attack on his vanity—carpentry was his hobby; but Thir saw the heavy cloud lurking behind the smile, and her heart ached for the kindly, generous, honorable nature which had received so terrible a blow in its most sensitive part.

"We are all so glad to hear of Dora's continued improvement!" she went on quietly. Hitherto she had always, in speaking of the Rector's daughter, called her "Miss Valland;" but this visit of his seemed a fitting occasion for the display of a little extra friendliness. "Mrs. Greenbury was saying that you were going to take her down to Devonshire as soon as she can bear the journey."

"We are going at once," he replied. "We start after the wedding to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" she echoed, aghast. "Is she fit for the journey, Mr. Valland?"

"Not the whole journey, of course. We are going to do it by very easy stages—not more than two hours' traveling each day. She is so anxious to get away from Quilter's Common, you see, Miss Bright. The thought that people are busy with her name frets her so terribly that I don't believe she would ever get well if she remained here."

"I see," said Thir, stooping for her hammer, and searching diligently in her nail-basket for a nail of the exact length she required. "But that is all nonsense about neighbors talking, Mr. Valland. I apprehend they'd not be above doing it if they had anything to talk about; but that's just where it is—they haven't—and they're not likely to have; and I imagine that stops the whole traffic on that line of rails!" And, having found her nail, she proceeded to drive it into the piece of wood nearest to her hand, regardless of the fact that no nail was required in that particular spot.

Mr. Valland, leaning against the pear tree, watched her absently until the hammering was over.

"I don't wonder your wood splits!" he said then, with a smile. "Drive your nails home a little more gently, Miss Bright."

"I see!" she exclaimed, as if she had just caught a brilliant idea, and recommenced her search in the nail basket.

"Still," he went on, resuming the conversation at the point where she had interrupted it, "in spite of your great generosity, it is natural that Dora should feel as she does. When people are thoroughly conscious of their own wrong-doing, it is inevitable that they should think every one else is conscious of it too."

"Perhaps," remarked Thir, pinning her second nail and raising the hammer to strike.

But he put out his hand and stopped her, with a gesture of dignity and sorrowful entreaty.

"Nay, my child; let me say what I have come to say."

"Why not let us take it all for granted?" she said, with a pleading smile. "Let bygones be by-gones, and let us start again fresh from now!"

"No, dear child; no good ever comes of shirking an unpleasant duty. Besides, I must fulfill my mission."

Thir lowered her hammer and waited.

"I came to ask you if you would come and bid Dora 'Good bye?'"

"Oh, Mr. Valland, do you think it will be good for her to see me?"

"That is just why I came myself to ask you, instead of sending a note. The slightest agitation is bad for her; and yet she has set her heart so earnestly on asking your pardon for the cruel wrong she has done you and Tryan that I feel it would be unpardonable to stand in her way!"

"Oh, I wish she wouldn't," murmured Thir—"I do wish she wouldn't!"

"I came to appeal to your forbearance," he continued; "but it seems to me that your kindness of heart has done away with the necessity. I expected to find you harboring some just resentment for the wrong done you, and I find instead that you are all generosity and forgiveness."

Thir drew a little nearer to the Rector, and looked at him with shining eyes and smiling lips.

"It is because I am so happy, Mr. Valland!" she said softly.

"How can one feel bitterly about anything when one's heart is fairly brimming over with joy? It would be real mean of me not to spare a little out of my abundance for a poor neighbor. Dora is, none too blithesome just now; and I'm so gay and happy that I could die of it! Well, then, if I can do anything to help to level up matters a bit between us, do you suppose I should hold back? You just go straight away to your daughter, and tell her I'll come to say 'Good-bye' with all the pleasure in life, since she wishes it! Make her understand, too, that she's not to set herself to the task of making any set form of apology for what is past. We will just 'shake,' as we Americans say, and there will be an end of it!"

"Heaven bless you, my child!" said Mr. Valland warmly; and, with a firm pressure of her hand, which seemed to express all he felt, but for which he could not find words, he turned and walked to the house, leaving her energetically hammering in another four-inch nail.

* * * * * *

But, eager as Thir was to avoid all disquieting topics in her interview with Dora Valland, she soon found it was impossible to do so.

It was a little after four when she arrived at the Rectory, and she found Dora alone, lying on her usual couch, in the drawing-room. The couch had been placed near the window, so that she could look out at the garden, and note the new life that, under the gracious influence of the genial sunshine, was springing up all around.

The lilacs were already in blossom, their fragrant blooms waving outside the window in the soft breeze; and the first thing that struck Thir as she entered the room was the vivid contrast between the bursting into new life of all Nature outside, and the slow ebbing away of the human life in the quiet stillness of the room. She was careful however not to betray any sign of such a thought.

Dora turned her white face as the door opened; and the moment Thir met the glance of the unnaturally large gray eyes she went quietly forward and offered her hand, hardly knowing whether the little act of friendliness would be accepted. Dora took her hand, though without any sign of eagerness.

It was the first time their hands had met in greeting since the night of Dora's accusation against Thir; and Thir, in her impulsive fashion, would have liked to show a little extra good-will by the warmth of her grip; but the other girl's manner at once checked any such desire. And Thir sighed as she drew up a low chair and seated herself close to the invalid's couch.

"I was quite surprised at the Rector's news," she began. "I hardly understood what he meant at first when he asked me to come up and say 'Good bye.' You are going to Devonshire? I believe the scenery down there is just too lovely for anything! I shall have to go and see it for myself some day. Shall you stay away long?"

"I shall not return to Quilter's Common."

"No? What—not at all?"

"Not at all. For one thing, I would not if I could; and, for another, I shall not have the opportunity. I cannot tell my father, because I am anxious to spare him any additional trouble just now; but I need not be so reticent with you. Two days ago I forced the truth from Dr. Clapper; three months is all the grace he gives me."

"You mean——"

"I mean I shall not live to see the fall of this year's leaves."

"Oh, Dora!"

"That evening trip of mine, ten days ago, started the active mischief in my chest again; and that poor creature's attack shook my nervous system beyond all patching up. I have no recuperative power left; I shall fade slowly, as a lamp goes out for want of oil."

"Oh, I can't believe it!" cried Thir softly, a feeling of compassion overwhelming her. Looking at the white statuesque face, so beautifully still, in spite of all the signs of past suffering, she forgot everything for the moment except the sadness of an early death.

"I can't believe it, indeed! I don't think I have much faith in Doctor Clapper—see somebody else. Don't resign yourself to such an idea until you are quite sure!"

Dora looked at her in faint surprise.

"Are you sorry?" she queried. "I am not. I don't see what there is to be sorry about. I think I ought to be very grateful that I was not allowed to die, in the midst of my sin and wickedness, when that poor fellow tried to strangle me the other day.

"I am glad I did not die then; but I should not be glad to live on for years and years, a lonely unloved woman, with the memory of my past iniquity always hanging like a shadow over my life."

"But life is such a beautiful thing!" murmured Thir, suppressing a sob. The quiet hopelessness of Dora's voice was exciting a passion of sorrow within her—she was longing to show some token of loving pity; but Dora's calm self-possession seemed to suggest that any such expression would be distasteful to her, and Thir had to repress as well as she could all sign of emotion. "Life is always a beautiful thing, no matter how much sadness is mixed up with it. I can't conceive how anybody can want to die, Dora!"

"But you have not spoilt your life as I have mine. With my selfishness and headstrong self-will, I have wrecked myself utterly; and life no longer holds one precious thing for me.

"But I did not ask you to come here to listen to my moaning over my past mistakes. I want to tell you that I've done what little I could to set right the great wrong I did you. Tryan was here yesterday, and I ask him to let things be just as they would have been if I had never tried to come between you."

"It was good of you," returned Thir quietly; "but in any case I think things are bound to be all right now!"

"Well, he did not seem so certain. But, at any rate, he promised me that, if you wished it, they should be so."

"If I wished it!" exclaimed Thir. "As if I had ever wished anything else! I beg your pardon," she cried, suddenly penitent, as she saw a tremor as of pain pass over the white face on the pillow; "it is so selfish not to remember that our joy is your wretchedness!"

"No—not that!" exclaimed Dora hastily, as if she were anxious to obliterate the impression.

"I am thoroughly reconciled to the thought of your happiness. It is not in me to do things by halves. I wish for your happiness now as thoroughly as I once tried to prevent it. I don't think I shall die comfortably unless I know that my sin has brought harm to no one but myself. I wonder," she added wistfully, with the first faint indication of feeling she had shown, "if you would write to me when you have seen Tryan and settled things in their old order again? If you would, I should take it as a sign that you had both forgiven me."

"Of course," began Thir, then stopped suddenly as Mrs. Poplett came quietly into the room.

"We only promised her a quarter of an hour alone with you," she said apologetically; "and I undertook to stop the talking when the time was up."

"Oh, yes—I quite understand!" replied Thir, noting and wondering at the swift change of expression on Dora's face as she smiled at the new-comer. Dora could open her heart to others, then; it was only with her—Thir—her rival in Tryan's love, that she could not overcome that touch of formality which seemed to forbid any advance towards tenderness or familiarity.

"You see she will need what little strength she has for the journey to-morrow," resumed Mrs. Poplett; "so we must be careful not to let her overtax herself."

"At what time do you start?" inquired Thir, simply for the sake of saying something.

"As soon after the ceremony as Mr. Valland is ready," replied Mrs. Poplett.

"Muriel has promised to come across from the vestry and show herself to Dora in all her finery, and then we start at once. Ah, here is the tea! Now you and I must do all the gossip while Dora listens. Did you know that the Rector and I have arranged to bring our elderly courtship to an end as soon as we get to Devonshire? It is mainly Dora's idea, though I am a thoroughly assenting party. It will be better for everybody; and I am looking forward with such real pleasure to owning a daughter at last!"

Again Thir saw the look of perfect confidence on Dora's face, and, though it was no affair of hers, she was conscious of a feeling of comfort.

It was a consolation to think that this poor tempest-tossed soul would have a tender guiding hand always near to help her in the dark days that lay ahead.

Dora said very little more, seeming content to lie still and listen. But, when Thir drew near her to say "Good-bye," there was an earnest look in the elder girl's eyes which the younger quite understood.

"You may be quite sure I shall send you the news you were asking about," she said gently. "I will get your address from the curate, and send the information on to you the moment I get it myself."

And then she was out again in the spring sunshine, with the music and life and stir of nature all around her; but she felt at her heart a pain she could scarcely endure as she thought of the slowly-fading woman she had left behind.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"YOU horrible designing little person!" cried Jean Greenbury, running down the steps to meet Thir as she came up the drive with her aunts the next morning.

"First of all, let me tell you that I never saw you look prettier in my life; and then allow me to inform you that we have found out everything about you—everything, mind; and we are all so disgusted with the mean advantage you've taken of our ignorance—creeping into our affections with your mended gloves and your economical gowns, and—and all the rest of it—that, if it weren't for the pity of spoiling the wedding procession, we would turn you off the premises this minute, and cut you dead for ever!"

"Perhaps you'll just explain what you're playing at?" said Thir, laughing, but looking a little startled as she found herself among the assembled guests in the drawing-room, and discovered that everybody was looking at her in a rather odd manner. "I've got no talent for conundrums, as you know, Jean!"

"Look at her!" cried Jean, holding Thir by the arm and pointing to her pink cheeks. "Did you ever see anybody look so guilty in your life? You sly little horror, to play such a trick! Nice simpletons we should all have looked—shouldn't we?—if we had taken it into our head, to snub you all this time, and you had quietly turned round, by way of reply, and shut the door of Cambray Hall in our faces when we called to leave our cards on the new owner!"

"Oh!" said Thir, in a tone of enlightenment; and everybody laughed at her sudden air of relief. "You see, Jean, I've got so many secrets to guard that I was a little scared; I did not know which one you had been smart enough to unearth."

As she spoke, she glanced around her in mock entreaty, and, meeting Tryan's glance over Nancy Clapper's hat brim, blushed deeply. What would he think of her boasting of her secrets in this manner?

"But you really are a sly little person, Thir!" said Mrs. Greenbury, as she came up and kissed the girl very tenderly. "Why, my dear, if we had known what a great heiress you were, we should never have thought of treating you so unceremoniously as we have—making no fuss for you, just as if you were one of ourselves!"

"And isn't that just what I planned for?" cried Thir delightedly. "Didn't I know how that wretched money of mine always made a barrier round me and shut me away from real friendships; and wasn't I determined that for once I'd—— Oh, never mind about all that now!" she broke off, becoming suddenly aware that all eyes were upon her. "Only I should just like to know who it was sneaked on me this time, Mrs. Greenbury!"

"I'm the culprit, Thir," said Teddy, from somewhere behind her; "but I meant no harm. I had no idea you wanted the thing kept a secret or I would have held my tongue. I heard all about it yesterday at our lawyer's office in York, and I was too full of it to keep quiet."

"Oh, there's no harm done!" replied Thir. "You would have had to know some time."

And then she went forward to shake hands with Nancy Clapper and Tryan.

"Where have you been all this time?" she asked Tryan gently, as soon as Nancy's chatter gave her a chance. "I hoped I should have seen you before."

"Did you expect me?" he asked, faint surprise mingling with the friendly warmth of his greeting. "If I had known, I would certainly have tried to get over; but I knew I should see you to-day; and I have been so awfully busy!"

"Have you?" she murmured, with a swift eloquent glance up at his face, wondering a little at the perfect self-control of his manner, and rebelling in secret against the chance which had ordained that this meeting should take place thus publicly. "Yes—you look tired—very tired and worn!"

"Oh, I shall soon be as fresh as paint again now!" he replied briskly, feeling sore at heart as he realised how the touch of sympathy in her voice still had the power to awaken all the old tenderness within him. "The voyage will set me up again in a day or two. It is the everlasting bustle that has fagged me a bit; but there will be rest enough on board to make up for it."

"On board?" she echoed; and she repeated the words "On board?" with a catch in her voice. "What do you mean by 'on board?'"

And then, before he could offer any explanation, Jean Greenbury brought up Captain Thorn—who was Thir's appointed cavalier for the day—and the opportunity for further questioning was over for the present.

"By-the-bye, Cambray," said Captain Thorn, "I know some uncommonly decent people in Montreal. I wonder if you would care to have a letter to them? Oh, yes—I know all about that!" he resumed, with a laugh, as Tryan muttered that settlers were often considered undesirable company by decent people.

"But a man never knows how he's going to be placed in a new country. You might find it useful some time or other to be able to claim acquaintance with respectable folk; and, when all's said and done, you need not present the letter unless you like. It won't take up much room among your baggage."

"I'm very much obliged," responded Tryan; "although I'm afraid it is troubling you for nothing."

Thir smiled at Tryan's last words.

"Let me see," continued Thorn—"you're off now, directly, aren't you?"

"Yes. I go to Liverpool to-morrow. We sail early on Monday morning."

In her dismay Thir half rose, and put out her hand, as if she would have caught hold of him and detained him by force. Thorn saw the movement and glanced at her inquiringly; but she sat down again, and shook her head with a quiet smile.

"No—go on," she said; "what I was going to say will do later on."

Tryan looked at her; but she was busy with the fastening of her glove, and the brim of her large white Gainsborough hat hid her face.

"Then I suppose I had better send the letter across to you by messenger to-morrow morning?" proceeded Thorn.

"Or send it straight on board the boat by post," Tryan suggested; "it will save you trouble."

"No—I won't risk that. I'll send it to your place in Hull to-morrow morning. What is the latest time you can give me—and what is the address?"

Thir suddenly found herself listening intently.

"I shan't leave until after one o'clock; and the address is 19, Whitmore Terrace."

Thorn scribbled the address on his cuff, as Major Darncombe came bustling round, with a small piece of paper concealed in the palm of his pearl gray glove, and, with many sly glances at his list, began to tell off the guests for the different carriages.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

"WHAT glorious lives those millionaires must lead!" is a thought that has probably occurred to many impecunious mortals whose entire existence is spent in waging unsuccessful war with the spectre of poverty.

Many people conjure up the constant round of subtle, intoxicating pleasures indulged in by such spoilt darlings of Fortune.

But when we look closely into the lives of these monarchs of money, what do we find? Why, that they have to endure their fair share of grief, sickness, pain and all the other ills that afflict ordinary people.

Indeed, they do not enjoy life half so much as many poorer people who, limiting their responsibilities, desires and aspirations, indulge in many quiet pleasures of which mere millionaires never dream.

Manifold are the dangers and annoyances that poison the latter's cup. Special precautions often become necessary to protect them from lunatics, Anarchists, bomb throwers, and burglars.

It is said that a well-known millionaire took up his residence in England in order to calm the fears of his late father, who was rendered very nervous by the dangers to which he and his family were exposed in America, where he used to receive about six threatening letters a day.

Not long ago the son of a wealthy American was kidnapped in Paris, and never again heard of, despite the exertions of the smartest detectives. Even a dead millionaire is not safe; certain gorgeous tombs have been desecrated and the corpse "snatched" with a view of extracting a ransom from the indignant friends.

Wealthy men are inundated with begging letters, anonymous threats and insults, and are often tormented by personal applicants for loans. They serve as permanent targets for scurrilous journalists, who invade and caricature their private life with unblushing effrontery.

But perhaps their greatest troubles are caused by blackmailers of both sexes, who frequently terrify them by their threats and cynical demands for hush-money.

Many victims attempt to escape by payment—a fatal imprudence which emboldens their tormentors and prolongs their martyrdom. Thus a millionaire's wealth often proves a burden, a danger, and even a mockery to him.

Take the case of a well-known plutocrat. By a romantic incident, a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune, he suddenly found himself rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

In the prime of life, blessed with a perfect digestion and an iron constitution, he stands to-day possessed of big estates, a magnificent yacht, a stud of famous horses, troops of friends—everything, in short, that heart can desire or money could buy. But is he happy?

Far from it. The poor fellow is madly in love with a lady whose position prevents her from openly reciprocating his passion. Despite his millions there stands between him and his idol a living barrier that only death can overthrow.

When they meet it is by stealth, for they are always in mortal fear of discovery. Long and secret journeys are undertaken by separate routes for the pleasure of snatching a brief and fearful joy. This is a canker that corrodes his soul, and comes as a rude reminder that there are doors which refuse to yield even to a golden key.

Then there is Mr. John W. Mackay, the Silver King, whose colossal wealth enables him to wield immense power. There is hardly a material caprice that he could not instantly gratify.

But has all this wealth brought him anything like happiness? Certainly not. He seems to have little use for money; his tastes and habits are of the simplest, and $5,000 would probably cover his own annual personal expenses.

He keeps no house, carriage, or valet. He dresses himself, lodges at the hotel, and takes train or car like any ordinary employe. He is a teetotaller, breakfasts off a chop and a cup of tea, lunches with American rapidity, and dines abstemiously.

For a long time he had rooms at the Hoffman House, New York, where the "Mackay corner" was a recognized institution in the restaurant. He does not lead a life of pleasure. He is constantly occupied with his vast business interests, and flits from New York to San Francisco, Paris, London, Mexico, or Montreal, as occasion requires.

During the last ten years his powers of endurance have been tested by a series of catastrophes. Harassing lawsuits, painful family imbroglios, murderous enemies—a lunatic shot him in the back two years ago—and perplexing financial problems, have embittered his days and disturbed his nights.

Not long back, relentless Fate dealt him a crushing blow by depriving him of his eldest son, whom he idolised, and who had, up to the hour of his tragic death, fulfilled all his dearest hopes.

The late M. Max Lebaudy, son of the French Sugar King, was immensely wealthy. But with all his money he could not purchase exemption from military service. Thus, he was obliged to join his regiment.

Of course, the noble sportsman was disgusted, for this involved labor and exercise infinitely less amusing than bull fighting and backing favorites—his pet pastimes.

The fatigue duty, drill, midnight marches, barrack room beds, coarse food and mixed society, came as a disagreeable surprise to this sybarite. But although his money enabled him to minimise these hardships, he ultimately fell ill.

Twenty doctors pronounced him unfit for service, but the authorities dared not release him—deterred by the virulence of the socialist and radical Press, which persistently attacked the unfortunate plutocrat. He was dragged from hospital to hospital, until he arrived at Amelie-les-Bains, where he contracted typhoid fever and died—a victim of his millions.

The divorce courts are constantly emphasizing the melancholy fact that millions and misery are twins. Not long ago a dainty million-heiress was obliged to leave her husband—the scion of a princely house—because he gambled, squandered her money in riotous living, and cruelly neglected her.

Theirs had been a pure, idyllic love match! Finally, the climax was reached when he descended to personal violence. "I will break your proud spirit of independence!" he hissed. "You may if you kill me!" she replied. During their short married life her papa had made them a royal allowance, and paid $1,000,000 in gambling debts!

ESTRANGING HUSBANDS.

If we are to believe what certain of our lady writers tell us, a married man is almost a mere tyrant. Having acquired a wife, he congratulates himself upon having acquired for life a servant to whom no one can compel him to pay wages.

As for affection that is a very ephemeral affair with him. He does not profess any show of it after a time; and when he tries to make such profession it is only for the sake of his own comfort.

But there is another side to this picture. Granted that such men as the above exist, what of the women who, almost as soon as they are married, let their husbands know that they only married for the sake of such independence as they get with a home, towards the maintenance of which they do little or nothing?

There is in the manufacturing districts an institution known as husband's tea. It is the second brewing of the leaves, the wife and her own particular intimates having already enjoyed the first infusion. The husband comes home tired after eight hours of manual labor, and this is the drink with which his wife favors him; and yet women wonder that their lords and masters can be so cruel as to go to the public houses! The inn-keeper knows more about human nature, and gives his regular customers good ale for their money; not as bad ale as they can be induced to drink.

It is the same with the home surroundings. Even a working man has an eye for domestic neatness and cleanliness. It is hard on him to have to get up at daybreak and make his own breakfast, just because his dear lazy spouse thinks it ridiculous to turn out at so early an hour.

And in the evening, when he comes home, he finds a litter of drying clothes and unwashed dishes to help him to an appetite for dinner or supper; perhaps, also, two or three dirty-faced children crying or fighting, as they have been allowed to cry and fight during most of the day.

If a man's love is worth having, it is worth trying to keep. Hundreds of wives don't try to keep their husband's love. Their faces were bright enough whenever they met their sweethearts before marriage, and of course they were always then as gaily dressed as they could manage to be. But afterwards—

"What's the use of botherin' to dress nicely just for Bill?' we heard one of these slatterns say, when someone expostulated with her for her slovenliness. "It don't make no difference,to him whether I'm washed or not!"

Bill was an enthusiastic wooer, and loved his wife after marriage as long as his imagination would let him see anything lovable in her. But his patience left him after a while, and the usual cat-and-dog existence followed.

"It's you women," said a stipendiary the other day to a mature dragon of this type who appeared before him for assault, "who make men go wrong."

Then, again, there are women who, when they have two or three children about them, seem to transfer all the fondness in their nature to the youngsters.

The husband is "only father." He is expected to put up with anything. It is not supposed for a moment that he is discontented with this new phase of his life, and if he is he must make the best of it.

The issue whereof is again, only too often, more congenial company at the public house. "Father" does not instinctively mind the children being made much of. Quite the contrary indeed, if he have any manliness in him.

But it is too much for ordinary masculine flesh and blood to be treated systematically as if he were of no account in comparison with the dear children, as if, in fact, he existed only for their and his wife's convenience.

The jealous wife may work upon her husband quite as unfortunately as these others. It is of course, at times, rather pleasant to a man to feel that his wife loves him so much that she cannot bear to think of anyone else occupying a fond place in his heart.

But when this involves giving his friends something of the cold shoulder it is not so pleasant. A man needs stronger companionship now and then than that of a woman, even though the woman is his dearly-loved wife.

And there are few men who are content to be tied, however lovingly, to their wives' apron-strings day after day invariably.

It is worse still if a woman lets her fancy run riot whenever her husband has occasion to speak to another woman. Just by reason of her exceeding love for him, she then much decreases her husband's affection for her.

The ideal wife will, from the beginning of her career as a wife, try to look at things from her husband's point of view. Thus, and thus only, it seems to us, will she be able to get a thoroughly sympathetic knowledge of him.

And only in this way will she have a chance of influencing him for good in those matters in which she perceives he is at fault. Men are just as keen as women in their hunger for sympathy, and, on the whole, perhaps, more apt to acknowledge that they are in the wrong when this is indicated to them unselfishly.

HER KNEW BETTER.—Two pretty young ladies entered a large grocery establishment in the cathedral city of X—— the other day. From their conversation it was evident that they belonged to some boarding school in the neighborhood, and had stolen out for a few moments to buy dainties.

"There's one thing I don't like about the assistants in this shop," said one of them, while they waited to be served; "and that's the way they insist on telling you that you don't want what you do, and do want what you don't. Every time I come in here I have the same experience. The next time it happens I'm going to tell the man just what I think of him."

At that moment an assistant approached and asked the young women what they wanted. The one who had so much to complain about pointed at one of a row of biscuit tins and said—

"I want a pound of those."

"Oh, no, you don't," he said, suavely; "you want these, or these here; they're all very nice."

The young woman threw a glance at her companion, and, turning to the man, said fiercely—

"No; I want these here, and no others."

"I beg your pardon; I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought," said the young woman. "I suppose I know what I want. Now, just let me have a pound of those, please;" and she turned to her companion with a look of triumph on her face.

"Very well, madam," he said, "but may I ask whether they are for yourself?"

"Well, of all the impertinent questions," began the young woman, when her companion interrupted, and, turning to the assistant, said—

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, they are dog biscuits," he replied, indifferently. "Still, of course, if you want them——"

"Never mind," faltered the young woman who had insisted on having what she wanted; "I don't think I want anything at all." And she strutted out of the shop, looking very much ashamed, and followed by her companion, who was struggling to hide her laughter.

The youthful-looking shopman said nothing, but there was a satisfied smile on his face as he banged the cover down on the tin of dog biscuits and walked away to wait on another customer.

LET us be as the trees which yield their fruit even to those that throw stones at them; and as the fruitful bow bends towards the ground, so let our good works beget humility.

OF HER.

BY W. W. L.

The all-returning spring comes back
Across the silent way,
Comes back with nature's budding bloom,
In sunlight bright to-day.

The violets bloom along the slopes,
And softly zephyrs sweep
The curtain of the night aside,
Where rose and lily sleep.

There where the pansy blossoms bloom,
A memory comes thro' tears;
Above their hearts I said good bye
To her in sad past years.

Miss Falkiner.

BY L. B.

A SMART girl—what is it about a girl that makes her deserve this adjective? Not her looks, certainly, as I have known many plain girls who were decidedly smart; not her brains, because many a smart girl is decidedly dull; and certainly not her clothes, as I have seen a girl dressed in a washed muslin and a sailor hat look really smarter than a girl in a Paris costume. It is something in the way a girl holds herself, the way she puts on her clothes, and a certain air of confidence about her manner of speaking, that wins for her this modern expression.

A girl who makes the most of her good looks and clothes to whatever degree she possesses them, and when she has accomplished that, puts her appearance on one side, and proceeds to make the most of her brain, is the kind of girl who succeeds in society, and it was Lilian Mosley's great aim in life to be one of these successful girls, of whom she was profoundly jealous.

To be called the smart Miss Mosley was her great ambition, and it was an ambition never likely to be fulfilled. She had a pretty little face, and a neat little figure, and was small and dainty in every way; but she was not content with the gifts that had been bestowed upon her: she wished to be tall, and grand, and smart, and her face was marred by the discontented expression her constant thoughts on this subject had given it.

At the time when we first make her acquaintance, she was on the tiptoe of expectation; she had just arrived to stay with her aunt, whose husband was a major in the regiment quartered at Badeham. It was the first time that Lilian had ever stayed in a garrison town, in fact, only the second time she had ever stayed from home since she had come out two years before.

She had an indistinct idea of officers, in scarlet and gold, constantly running in and out of her uncle's house, and had been delighted when he had appeared at breakfast in uniform, though the gold was conspicuous by its absence, as he was not in full dress. She had been a little disappointed after lunch to hear her aunt say, "Please, Jim, do not dawdle, but get out of your uniform as quick as you can."

She did not like to display her ignorance in asking why he might not appear at the Garrison Gardens in full military glory, but she felt puzzled, and when, later on she saw a young officer in a plain dark blue uniform, and was told he was on duty, she felt the complications of the British Army were unending.

On their arrival at the Gardens, Lilian was dazzled by the brilliancy of the scene; bright sunshine and blue sky, some white tents dotted about, beautiful lawns, where tennis was in full swing, several people playing croquet, and raised rather above the tennis grounds was a stone terrace, where a regimental band was playing, and at the far end of the Gardens some winding paths, leading to an artificial lake.

Lily Mosley watched the scene, with sparkling eyes and an eager heart, longing to join in the gay scene about her, when she heard her aunt say, "There is Miss Falkiner home again. I must speak to her."

Following the direction of her aunt's eyes, she saw, with a sinking heart, a smart girl. Decidedly smart; there could be no two opinions about it. Directly Lily looked at her, she felt discontented with her own simply-made gray dress, and felt that her pretty, white Leghorn hat, with white feathers, did not match the gown, and that her neat boots and gloves did not give any tone to the costume.

The brilliancy of the girl opposite was most striking. Tall and straight, with head well set on her shoulders, a lovely, clear white complexion, with almost black hair and eyes, the delicate shade of pink in her cheeks matching the pink in her hat, which color relieved also, in some effective way, the black of her dress.

Lily had plenty of time to notice these particulars, whilst her aunt was introducing her, and then the two men, who were talking to the girl, were introduced also, and Miss Falkiner was asking her if this was her first visit to Badeham, and if she intended staying for some time. She answered mechanically, her thoughts running in an odd jumble at the same time.

"I know I shall hate her," she thought. "So this is the girl Aunt Daisy said would be kind to me. I won't be patronized by her. There is the man aunt called Mr. Millar coming round to talk to me. Won't she be jealous?"

Miss Lily's idea of the jealousy of girls having been learnt from the very unmasculine society of a small country town.

"Miss Mosley," Mr. Millar asked, "are you going to the dance to-morrow night?"

The girl felt fluttered.

"Dance," she repeated, "dance?"

"Why, yes," said her aunt. "Now you have come, of course we must go. When I refused to take tickets, I quite forgot you would be here. Is it possible, Millicent, to buy them now?"

"Yes, of course. Captain James has some," turning to her other companion, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a peculiarly determined look about the mouth and chin.

"Captain James," laughed Mrs. Mosley, "why, if you had said the Padre, I should not have been more surprised. I thought you never went to balls, and could not dance."

"I have turned over a new leaf, Mrs. Mosley, and have learnt to dance. Mrs. Falkiner has taught me."

Mrs. Mosley smiled. "You have had an excellent teacher anyway," but as she turned away with her niece and Mr. Millar she sighed. Captain James was such a notorious flirt, and Millicent Falkiner's happiness was very dear to her.

"Do you want tea, Miss Falkiner?" asked Captain James, when they were left alone.

"No, let us take a little turn."

"Thank Heaven," said Captain James fervently, as they made their way to the lake, "we have got rid of that chattering crowd at last."

"You are not very polite about my friends," with a little nervous laugh. "I love Mrs. Mosley, and that niece is a pretty little girl."

"Is she? I did not look at her. Do you love Mr. Miller, too?"

"Captain James," said Miss Falkiner, stopping suddenly, "because we are friends I have forgiven you so many of your bold speeches, that you think you may say what you like, but I will not be spoken to like that. Now do try and be in a good temper," with a sudden change of tone, "and let us have a nice talk," seating herself, as she spoke, on a bench by the lake.

"I know I am a brute; but I am in a bad temper to-day, and it is all your fault; you know I only come to these sickening shows to talk to you, and then you expect me to be content with a miserable five minutes at the end of the afternoon."

"You cannot expect me to talk to you all the time. I know everyone here, and a nice name I should have, if I spent all my time talking to one man."

"At any rate, it is a comfort to feel you would like to do so."

"I never said so."

"No, but you implied it. Now, Miss Falkiner, just for once to please me you might say you would not be bored if you had to sit and talk to me all one afternoon. It really would not compromise your dignity you think so much of."

"Don't you think it would depend on what humor you were in?" laughing.

Captain James' reply was cut short.

"How do you do, Miss Falkiner?—no idea you were home again."

In a minute Millicent was the centre of a little group laughing and talking.

"Good-bye, Miss Falkiner," said Captain James, with elaborate politeness, "I must get back to barracks early this evening, so I am sure Evans will take you back to your mother, and I can leave by the lower gate," and he turned and left.

* * * * * *

"Well, dear," said Mrs Mosley to her niece on their way home, "how did you enjoy yourself? You have met Mr. Shuttleworth before, have you not?"

"Yes. He stayed at the Hall for some time last year, so we saw a great deal of him, and Mr. Millar is very nice too, and so good-looking."

"And what do you think of my friend, Millicent? I am sure she will be kind to you at the dance."

"She is a very smart girl, is she not? All the men seemed to like to talk to her."

"She is a great favorite, and I suppose she is what you modern young ladies call smart. Personally I do not care about the expression; if you mean she is handsome, well bred, and dresses with care, I suppose she is smart, but if it excludes the kindest heart in creation, I do not think the expression suits her."

"It is difficult to explain what I do mean; but she does look it, really smart: everything about her does, even her manner of speaking is smart, but you don't understand me," stopping suddenly with a sigh.

"Yes, dear, I do quite well," said her aunt kindly, "but I do not want you to be so struck with Millicent's exterior charms that you should be unable to see in what her real merit lies."

"But I do hate her," said Lily to herself, "she looks just as smart as that odious Miss Pemberton who would never let a man speak to another girl. Miss Falkiner might have been content this afternoon without dragging Mr. Shuttleworth away from me;" determinedly pushing from her mind how anxiously Miss Falkiner had tried to include her in the conversation when Mr. Shuttleworth had left her side to speak to Millicent, whilst they were having tea in the tent.

* * * * * *

For two hours the drill hall at Badeham had been brilliantly lighted, for two hours the band had been playing gay and delightful music, and for two hours Millicent, whilst she danced and talked, had been noting with sinking heart, that the hours were passing, and that there was no sign of Captain James.

A valse was just beginning, and she was sitting alone in an easy chair, partially hidden by some shrubs that were decorating that part of the hall, when Mr. Millar found her, and noting a weary look, asked her if she were tired.

"Yes, I am," she answered.

"Why, how is this? it will never do for you to be tired yet; the supper room is open, come and have some supper now? No? well, let us sit here quietly and talk."

"Yes, talk to me, tell me how you are enjoying yourself."

"Awfully, it is really a jolly dance, so much go about it, and lots of nice-looking girls. That niece of Mrs. Mosley's is pretty, don't you think so?"

"Yes, very, I hope she is enjoying herself. I have introduced several men to her, and of course, Mrs. Mosley knows all of your regiment. By the bye, what a number of you are here o-night."

"Yes, haven't we turned out strong? Should have been a dozen, only two cried off at the last moment."

"Indeed," a little nervously, "which two?"

"Robinson and James. Robinson said he was too small, insignificant and unpopular with ladies to go to a dance."

"And Captain James?"—sarcastically—"did he think he was too insignificant also?"

"Oh, dear no, he was only too lazy, he was smoking a pipe, and said he was too comfortable to move."

"He should be more certain of his wishes, before he takes to making up his card beforehand."

"What," eagerly, "have you given him some dances? Do give them to me instead."

For one minute she hesitated, "Supposing he did come after all," and then, a vision of a man lounging and smoking, too comfortable to claim his dances, and she turned quickly to Mr. Miller.

"Yes, certainly, they are the 14th and 15th, four dances off, and I will go into supper then."

"Thanks, so much, and as the music is beginning, I suppose I must go. Shall I leave you here?"

"Yes, mother is in the supper room. I will wait here."

During the next dance, perhaps she could remain quiet, and collect her thoughts a little. She had not mentioned this number, but also opposite "Valse, Toreador" was scrambled a large J. It was ridiculous, she thought, feeling so disappointed, but if only she had known before that she was not coming, it would have been quite different.

Suddenly she felt somebody had stopped beside her, she did not look up, perhaps it was someone going to ask her to dance, and if she kept quiet he might pass on.

"Well, which are my dances?" she heard a familiar voice say, "and why have you hidden yourself in this corner, as if you were in disgrace?"

"I am tired, and am resting."

"Tired already—not too tired for our dances, I hope; how many have you kept for me?" eagerly.

"I can finish this one with you, but I have no other left till the extras."

"But why did you not keep the ones you promised?" with genuine surprise.

"I did, but I heard you were not coming, so I have given them away?"

"Who to?"

"Mr. Millar."

"Only Millar, I will soon square him. Give me your card, Miss Falkiner, and we will soon put a black mark through his name. That was why he was so anxious to know if I was coming or not. Quick, give me your card," stretching out his hand and taking hold of it.

She did not leave go.

"No," she said nervously—"no?"

"No," he repeated. "What is it I may not see? You are wasting all the time we have to hear our own interesting conversation in."

She hesitated a moment, then:

"No, Captain James," she said, "you cannot have them. I kept them till twelve for you, and I could not keep them longer; you could not have been so very anxious for them, or you would not have risked losing them. They are the property of another man now."

Captain James stood up.

"Words are easy like the wind—you know the end, Miss Falkiner. I quite agree, a faithful woman is almost an impossibility, she is faithful as long as it suits her, but no longer. I am much obliged to you for offering me an extra, but I shall not be here so late."

As he turned away and walked down the room, he stopped by Miss Mosley's side. "I must dance with someone," he thought, "she shall not think I care."

"Miss Mosley, will you give me the pleasure?"

In a minute they were whirling amongst the dancers. Captain James laughing, talking and flirting with Lily Mosley. One, two, three dances passed. As she again approached her aunt at the end of the third:

"Lily," said Mrs. Mosley, "I am afraid you have made a mistake, you were engaged to Major Jones for that dance."

Lily felt guilty.

"How silly of me," she said, "another dance, Captain James? Yes, certainly. I am engaged for the next five"—looking at her card—"but you can have the last."

Captain James hesitated a second, then "Thank you," he said.

When the last dance was over he took Miss Lily back to her aunt.

"Good night, Mrs. Mosley," he said, "I'm just off," and as the extra struck up, without a glance in Millicent's direction he left the room.

* * * * * *

"Well, my dear, I hope you enjoyed yourself," said Mrs. Mosley as she followed Lily into her room the same night.

"Yes, indeed I did, Aunt Daisy, it was perfect."

"And which partner did you like best?"

"Let me think. There were a great many nice ones, Mr. Millar, Mr. Shuttleworth, and then Captain James dances beautifully."

"Does he, dear?—but don't set your affection on Captain James"—laughingly—"I am afraid he is not to be trusted."

After a minute's pause:

"Aunt Daisy," said Lily, "has he been paying a great deal of attention to Miss Falkiner?"

"Yes, dear, a great deal"—with a little sigh. "Good night, go to sleep quickly and don't lie awake thinking of the dance."

"He only spoke once to Miss Falkiner, and danced four times with me," thought Lily to herself. "I call it a triumph—a distinct triumph."

Millicent sank back into her corner on her homeward drive, trying not to think. She idly watched the bending and swaying trees through the window, for they were soon out of Badeham and driving down the country roads.

The wind had risen fearfully, all day it had been gaining force, and now it was a positive gale. She noticed how weird the branches looked — like some ghastly wraith beckoning to her, and then she shivered a little.

"Are you cold, dear," asked her father. "What a wind there is?"

"Yes, it is very high," she answered—but at that minute there was a jolt, a thud, a short cry from Mr. Falkiner, a low moan from Millicent, and then there

was silence, except for the plunging of the horses.

* * * * * *

"I say, did you hear what happened last night?"

"Now, my dear fellow, we know you are as good as the 'Morning Post,' but don't tell me anything can have occurred since we returned from the ball at four, and breakfast at 5.30."

"Don't chaff, Millar. The general's carriage was upset going home last night; tree blown down; too dark to see, and that sort of thing. They say Miss Falkiner is hurt; unconscious, I believe."

"How awful!"

"Poor old man! How cut up he must be."

"Is she dangerously hurt?"

"McCloud, when he called on me, I have told him to go and inquire at once how she is."

* * * * * *

Outwardly calm, but with a beating heart, Captain James asked the question the butler had already heard so often that day:

"How is Miss Falkiner?"

"Better, sir, decidedly better. She is not so bad as the doctor thought at first. He says, sir, as how she must be kept very quiet, very quiet indeed, sir."

"Thank God!" said Captain James, under his breath. Then, aloud, "She is not unconscious still, then?"

"Oh, dear no, sir; she recovered consciousness in about an hour."

"Thank you. Will you give this card to Mrs. Falkiner? Good afternoon."

And Captain James rode home with a lighter heart.

Ten days later, he was reading the following note:

"DEAR CAPTAIN JAMES,

"Thanks so much for the lovely flowers, and for the number of times you have been to inquire for me. I am allowed to see visitors now, so will you come and have tea with me to-morrow?

"Yours sincerely,

"MILLICENT FALKINER."

His hand trembled slightly, as he folded and replaced the note in its envelope.

The next afternoon, Captain James made his way to the familiar house, and was shown into a bright, pretty room. Miss Falkiner was seated in a low chair by the fire, which looked cheerful on the October afternoon, although it was a bright and sunny day. On entering, he was struck by her extreme whiteness; her dark hair and eyes only made her pale face and white, soft dress, whiter in contrast. She held out her hand.

"I hope you are really better, Miss Falkiner? But you are far from well yet?" questioningly.

Miss Falkiner smiled.

"You should not say that to an invalid—you are allowed to be untruthful when people are ill. You should have said, 'I did not expect to see you looking nearly so well.'"

"Don't laugh at me, for Heaven's sake. I think if you knew how I felt when I heard of your accident, even you would have pitied me."

"Even I?—am I so cold-hearted, then?"

"No; but I did not deserve pity, least of all from you. Listen, Miss Falkiner. I have a bad temper, as there is no need to tell you; but you have seen the last of it. It is only selfish of me to say this, as I cannot risk feeling again as I did last week when we were kept apart, and I had those words I said to you at the ball to remember and haunt me."

"At the ball! I might have given you a dance, might not I? We are to be friends, then?" she concluded, laying her hands in his, "true friends!"

"Yes," eagerly. Then more sadly: "Can you understand me? Do you know what I mean?"

"Not altogether."

"But you shall understand me," he answered fiercely. He had risen now, and was standing over her. "You shall understand me. There is nothing in all the world I would not do for you—you have only to command me, and I will obey. However far apart we may be, nothing shall ever come between you and me."

"We are to be friends, then," she repeated quietly, and her heart echoed drearily, "and nothing more?"

There was silence for a minute, and then:

"You do not understand me even yet."

Her lips quivered, but she said nothing.

"I love you," he said simply, "but you do not care for me. You never could, it is my own fault. Millicent, are you crying?"

"Don't leave me," she said, "I cannot bear it."

No one in Badeham was altogether surprised to hear of the engagement, except perhaps Lily Mosley. She never could get over the fact that Captain James had certainly appeared to prefer her at the ball, and she attributed the engagement solely to the unfair mysterious fascinations of a girl.

MOTORS, PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is probably no better guage of the progress of civilization, says "The Popular Science News," than the extent to which man has succeeded in controlling the physical forces, and in compelling them to do his bidding and to perform his work. A mere glance at the history of mechanical progress will clearly show this fact.

The first power employed by man to do work of any kind was undoubtedly the muscular strength of slaves and prisoners of war, and amongst the former, we are sorry to say, were almost universally classed the first mothers of the race.

As civilization advanced, the strength of the lower animals was substituted for that of human beings, and "cattle mills" came into use. Cattle were also used for raising water, and for moving the few machines which the ancients employed in their arts.

It was a long step in advance when some one suggested the employment of water and of wind as substitutes for muscular strength. Water mills do not seem to have come into general use until a comparatively late period.

We are told by Pomponius Sabinus that the first mill seen at Rome was erected on the Tiber, a little before the time of Augustus, and Vitruvius, the famous engineer and architect, who lived in the time of Augustus, gives a very full description both of water-mills and wind-mills.

Antipater, who is supposed to have lived in the time of Cicero, has left a very pretty epigram, in which he rejoices over the introduction of these substitutes for human labor. His words are:

"Cease your work, ye maids, ye who labored at the mill; sleep now, and let the birds sing to the ruddy morning; for Ceres has commanded the water nymphs to perform your task; these, obedient to her call, throw themselves on the wheel, force round the axle-tree and, by these means the heavy mill."

The mills in operation in Rome at this period were almost wholly employed for grinding the grain used for food. The ancients had no power-looms, spinning machines, or factories of any kind. It did not require a great deal of mechanical power to perform this work, and the mills were erected on the fourteen large aqueducts which supplied the baths of the city with water.

It would be interesting to compare the work done by all the mills in Rome at that time with the output of some of our modern applications of power. It is probable that one of our Minneapolis flour mills would do more work in a week than all the mills in Rome could accomplish in two years.

When Vitiges, King of the Goths, besieged Belisarius in Rome, in the year 536, he in a measure destroyed their canals, and the people were subjected to great distress. But as Vitiges could not stop the Tiber, Belisarius caused mills to be erected on boats, which were anchored in the river, the current being sufficiently strong to perform all the work that was needed. The idea was a most ingenious one, and it is said to have succeeded perfectly.

From that time forward water mills have always been efficient and economical sources of power, and in Venice they carried the invention so far as to devise tide-mills, driven by the tides of the sea, and so constructed as to be capable of adjusting themselves to the ebb and flow of the water. Zanetti has shown from some old charters that such mills were in use about the year 1044.

The date at which wind-mills came into use seems to be unknown, though various surmises concerning the matter are to be found in the works of the older authors. But after the time of Augustus their value seems to have been gradually recognised to a greater and greater extent, and in Western Europe they became a favorite source of power for draining land and for grinding grain.

At a later period they were employed in Holland for the reclaiming of vast tracts of land from the sea, and where steady, constant work is not required they answer every purpose. But the wind is a fickle agent and one that is quite beyond our control.

In the draining of land and the grinding of grain, that which is not done to day may be done tomorrow; it is not so with factories where hundreds of people are employed, or with railroad trains that entirely fail to fulfil their purpose if they be not run on schedule time.

None of these therefore can ever be carried on successfully if dependent on wind for a motive power. We cannot store it as we store water in ponds, and we have no means of controlling its velocity when this becomes too great.

So that while the introduction of water and wind-mills constitute such an advance over the use of men and cattle for the production of mechanical power, as to entitle these inventions to a place as the characteristics of the third grand era in the mechanical progress of the world, they were not well fitted to supply one of the most important demands for power—the draining of mines and the raising of ores from beneath the surface.

But it is an important truth that all progress in mechanical arts proceeds by a process of general development rather than by spasmodic leaps. The discovery of latent heat by Black, the accurate determination of the rate and amount of the expansion of water and steam, and much other preliminary information which was unknown to those who first attempted to employ steam as a motor, were utilized by Watt in the production of a machine which well deserves to be called the first steam engine.

And the proof is that none of the previous attempts in this direction had been successful in superseding to any perceptible extent the use of horses and other cattle in works of importance. After the introduction of Watt's steam engine, cattle were employed only for driving the machinery used on farms and for furnishing the power required in very small shops, and this fact shows clearly that with the invention of the steam engine by Watt, towards the close of the eighteenth century, there was ushered in a new era—the age of steam.

The introduction of this power worked as great a revolution in the manufactures of that age and in the industrial arts in general as has been wrought by the introduction of electricity during the last twenty years.

It was this that has covered the civilized portion of the world with a network of railways which never could have been built, much less utilized, if it had not been for steam; it was this that has rendered the cost of transporting the product of our farms from New York to Europe less than that of transporting the same product from the farm to the country market of average distance, and it was this that has enabled England and America to accumulate the enormous results of surplus labor that are known as capital.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the wealth of the world now increases at a rate to which all previous history offers no parallel, when we remember that the mere mechanical efficiency of the entire population of the globe has been more than doubled by the introduction of the steam engine.

In other words, the power of the steam engines now at work is greater than the mechanical power that could be exerted by all the people on the face of the earth. And we must not forget that the new power, electricity, which now attracts so much attention, depends, with few exceptions, upon steam for its origin.

All our electric motors and lights, and much of the other applications of electricity, depend primarily for their energy upon steam. From this point of view, therefore, the age of steam shows no signs of coming to a close; is it ever to end, and what shall be its successor?

AS IT SHOULD BE.—If you want to drink tea properly, it is absolutely necessary to get a teapot of NI-Hing, a variety of baked earthenware that is unglazed on the inside, says General Inheng-Ki-Tong, a celebrated Chinese writer on gastronomic subjects.

There are many other points to be taken into account if tea is to be chosen at its very best. For example, it should be mixed with rain or spring water heated to a certain point. The boiling should continue only a few moments, the water having boiled sufficiently as soon as bubbles appear on the surface.

Green tea, according to this authority, is a tea to which the rich Celestials give the highest praise. In green tea the tiny leaves have hardly come from the bud before they are gathered and dried in the sun. Black tea, on the other hand, is made up of leaves that have reached a state of maturity, and then have been dried in front of a fire.

Scientific and Useful.

HORSESHOES.—A process for making cast steel horseshoes has been patented in Glasgow. The steel, which is stated to have very great fluidity, is of special make.

MARBLE-VENEER.—A preparation called marble veneer has been invented by a German mechanic, who claims that it is waterproof, fireproof, and will not break, shrink, peel or crack.

A NEW GUN-BOAT.—A new gun-boat has been devised to sail in shallow water, and the inventor claims for it the advantages of great speed with a light draught of water, and a continuous and simultaneous firing on both sides of guns specially manufactured for the purpose, the crew all the time being safely under cover.

TURPENTINE.—Turpentine varnishes are prepared by dissolving the softer resins, such as common rosin, mastic, etc., in the best commercial oil of turpentine. They are mostly lighter in color than oil-varnishes; they dry quickly, but the surface of dry varnish produced is less durable than that obtained with oil-varnishes.

A BIG LAMP.—A Belgian inventor has devised an immense lamp such as has proably never been seen before. The lamp is composed of 3,000 pieces. It is 6 feet high, and measures 3.10 feet in diameter. It is fed with lard oil, and the consumption is said to be very small, its light being so powerful that one may read by it at a distance of 600 feet.

THE CAMEL RASP.—A new rasp, styled the "camel," has been brought out. The teeth of this tool are raised by a double stroke, which is claimed to make them much sharper and of greater strength than the teeth in the old styles of rasps. The steel from which the "camel" rasp is manufactured is of extra tough quality, and is tempered by a special process, which has the effect of preventing the teeth from breaking off. The rasp is made in various styles, and will, it is stated, last longer than any other yet introduced, the use of it also involving less labor on the part of the workman.

Farm and Garden.

CATTLE.—Those who make cattle pay give their attention to quality. It is a well known fact that choice beef is not always plentiful in the markets and brings better prices than the usual quotations. Farmers who make beef cattle pay will not attempt to fatten any but the ones that bring the best prices.

INSECTS.—Pea and bean weevils and similar seed vermin can be entirely killed by the use of bisulphide of carbon. Place the seed in an air-tight bin or receptacle and leave a small vial of the poison in the bin or vessel for 24 hours. The fumes will evaporate and kill the weevils. Then uncover the vessel and air the seed thoroughly. If any larvæ hatch out later, fumigate again.

THE GRINDSTONE.—It is very common on some farms to keep the grindstone out of doors, sheltered only by the foliage of some tree in summer, but in winter exposed to all kinds of storms. These stones are always more or less porous. If they were not they would not make good material to sharpen metal cutting tools. When a grindstone gets wet and the moisture in it freezes, pieces of the stone chip off and the stone wears away unevenly, thus soon becoming of very little value.

FOOD VALUE.—Experiments have been made in Germany, and also in this country, to determine the influence of rations rich or poor in fat upon the milk. Cotton-seed oil, linseed oil cocoanut oil, olein oil, stearine and other substances were fed to cows. The results showed that at first there were an increase of fat in the milk, but that the milk returned to its normal condition after a short period of feeding. The conclusions are that the proportion of butter fats is not greatly influenced by foods containing a large percentage of oil, and that the composition of milk is governed by the individuality of the cows. This is an excellent showing for the pure breeds.

WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP AND HOARSENESS are efficaciously treated by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. It removes difficulty of breathing and oppression in the throat and lungs, promotes the ejection of mucous, and subdues the violence of complaints at the outset. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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Points of View.

Nearly all of us would have a shock if we could vividly realize how unjust our judgments are through failure to see from how many points of view every person and every question may be regarded, and how totally dissimilar an object appears according to the direction or the focus from which it is examined. The difficulty of seeing men fairly all round is greater than the difficulty of seeing with something like completeness a scene of natural beauty; and that is no easy matter.

Your favorite landscape may be sketched so as to include all its principal components, and yet you would not recognise it when the familiar combinations were broken up along a fresh line of sight. Still less would it appear the same to the eye of another—say, to the farmer, who would value your artistic fleck of green meadow by its use for grazing purposes, and would estimate the likelihood of trout in your dark slowly swirling pool, or even eye your favorite copse with a view to thinning out the timber.

We will not give pain by pursuing the matter further. Pictures of men are varied even more violently, according to the point of view, than pictures of things, for, instead of Nature lying before us in calm waiting passivity, the man studied has his own lively passions, sympathies, and antipathies, and rakes us in return with a measuring glance. How can we be sure that we see any person or object as others see them? We cannot be quite sure, however nearly adjusted the points of view may be; and it is seldom that we make an effort to secure a coincident point of view.

The mistakes that arise from confounding or neglecting to allow for different points of view are so frequent and grave that some illustrations of the dangers may not be out of place. If we search among the greatest for observers who "see life steadily and see it whole," the list will not be a long one; and we who belong to the average of humanity may be contented with the much lower aim of trying to see the life of our acquaintances and friends from a sufficient number of points of view to neutralize prejudices.

There is a large class of people who cannot, except by constant efforts, look at a single question from any other than a personal stand-point. Instinctively they calculate how every event is likely to affect themselves, although its importance to others may be immeasurably greater than to them. They are a pivot on which the whole world turns. At the opposite pole are the few who think almost entirely of others, who forget themselves in large plans that will, they hope, be helpful to their neighbors' children's children. Not only can the selfish man not attain even momentarily to the altruist's point of view, but it is so remote that he denies there is any such possibility as an absorption in quite unselfish objects.

Midway between the self-seeker and the lover of his kind who has surrendered to a delight in generosity is the cool calculator who thinks unselfishly but without feeling, the dull cold utilitarian who sees desirable goals ahead but it is not stirred by the thought of arrival, who counts men only as cogs in a machine that works usefully and is often being improved. The utilitarian with a scientific twang illustrates the weakness of a purely impartial point of view that is made to appear hard and repellent for want of feeling and of weakness.

If any one who is advanced in life cannot look at men or things except from one point of view, it is pretty good evidence that he belongs to the large class who learn nothing. For, had he been a learner from life, he would have known that his own point of view has been constantly changing, and in so doing has been proving, if not that he was once in the wrong, at least that he formerly took an inadequate survey.

One of the easiest ways of testing our advance from point to point of view is by recalling our recollections of favorite books that have interested us at every stage of our lives. The advance that we have made in our reading of books is typical of similar changes affecting all our experiences.

The boy takes up his "Pilgrim's Progress" with breathless interest in the adventure of the story—or at least he did before the days of innumerable books for boys spiced to the latest school-taste. He followed Christian—in lieu of a more active and exciting hero—past lions, giants and fearsome caves, and through goblin-haunted valleys. With him he breathlessly fought Apollyon, stood trial before the jury of Vanity Fair, escaped from Giant Despair, and caught distant views of the Delectable Mountains.

Later, the symbolical aspect of these and other adventures dawned upon him, and the interest of tracing the Puritan conceptions of religious thought and duty was awakened. And, lastly, the felicities of the Pilgrim style, the charm of the narrative, and the quaintly-simple eloquence give a fresh interest to the book, although, unrecognized, these qualities had had their effect before.

So we grow in power of appreciation, retaining a part of the old interest and making transforming additions to it. The same progression in point of view is traceable in all who mix with the world and are susceptible to its teachings.

It is not impossible however to stand still and to be thinking about every subject of interest in just the same way as you thought of it twenty years ago. It is possible to remain absolutely stationary, although the world of ideas is our familiar roaming-ground.

Instances are not unknown of men who through decades of vigorous and varied life have cherished the remembrances, say, of a tutor who, though rather crabbed and stunted himself, fired them with ambition, and sent them on a delightful unfearing quest after knowledge and hopes of human good; and then, when habits, sympathies, and beliefs have been slowly modified and they have grown into new men, they have met the old tutor, and found him peering at life through the same spectacles of the old tint, and seeing exactly what he saw twenty years before, bound by the same "fads," hugging more tightly than ever the dear old prejudices. One cannot meet a changeless man without a shock that is strong testimony to the naturalness of alteration in our point of view.

People cling tenaciously to their habitual point of view for a variety of reasons. Some are afraid to leave the familiar; others feel a pride in keeping their judgment uncorrected; it is, too, by far the least trouble to think the same thoughts over again.

cannot be denied that a large share of the thoroughly effective work of mankind has been contributed by obstinate persons who have pursued relentlessly a single purpose because they have kept steadily to one point of view—they become strenuous workers in a blind way; but they are not wise, and accompanying such work there is always a drawback of evil done honestly or unconsciously.

One of the most ominous of modern tendencies is the disposition shown by multitudes of men to judge great questions only from one point of view, and to disparage those who see that truth is multiform. It is only as men cultivate breadth of thought—which presupposes many points of view—while holding fast intensity of conviction, that they can expect to find the blessings that add no sorrow.

PERHAPS there is no means more widely prolific of good than by so applying the executive power to any special excellence as to bring into effective action that which would otherwise be for ever hidden from the world. The judicious employment of money, or time, or opportunities, or discernment for this object is never thrown away. It benefits alike the individual worker and society in the positive results gained by each; and it also increases the bond of sympathy between every variety of talent.

HE is the chiefest of fools and undeserving of the interest of a true man or woman who complains that he must tread the path which so many others have trodden. Who is there of the world's great ones who has gone on in a course of uninterrupted success? None; for, had fortune smiled and made their life an easy one, there would have been no need of endeavor and no reward for patient work and waiting.

LIFE is a building. It rises slowly day by day through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days adds something to the invisible building.

SURPRISE is always an excitement, and generally a pleasurable one, and monotony must be relieved by change if serenity and happiness are to be maintained. Yet the love of what is extraordinary, if carried to excess, may be productive of much harm by hiding the true value of the regular and uniform affairs of life.

LEARN to think without prejudice, love all beings for love's sake, express your convictions fearlessly, lead a life of purity, and the sun of truth will illuminate you. If theology and dogma stand in your way in the search after truth, put them aside. Work out your own salvation with diligence.

BE not ashamed of an humble parentage or an humble occupation; be not ashamed of poverty, or even of a small amount of natural endowment; but be ashamed of misspent time and misdirected talents. Be always ashamed of vice. A wicked man cannot be truly brave or noble.

HE who has once solemnly and with conviction renounced, and then, for no new cause, has taken to himself again that which he renounced, has broken the mainspring of his life.

THE state of mind called impatience is always unreasonable, always foolish, always prejudicial. It is a sort of fighting in the dark at we know not what.

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds, than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

F. F. W.—The largest theatre in the world is the Grand Opera House in Paris, France. It covers nearly three acres of land, and cost about 100,000,000 francs.

LOTTIE.—Some form of expression like this would be appropriate: "I appreciate the compliment you pay me, but you must excuse me from playing, for I am not now in good practice."

E. K.—The Sovereign does not change surname on marriage. The Queen's family name, borne by all her children, is D'Este-Guelph. The late Prince Consort's family name was Watman.

C. G.—It is customary for the lady on her wedding-day to present some souvenir of the occasion to each of her bridesmaids. The gift need not be costly. A ring, or bracelet, or fan is always appropriate.

P. S. L.—White ink, which can only be used on colored paper, is composed of one part of muriatic acid added to twenty parts of starch-water. A steel pen must be used. In reality this is not an ink, but an etching fluid.

C. R. N.—A homestead is a person's dwelling place, with the outbuildings connected with it, and a portion of the land, as the garden, or it may be fields, etc. Also the place of origin; as, "We can trace them back to a homestead," etc.

C. H.—Goshen, in Biblical geography, is the district of Egypt in which Jacob and his family settled, and where his descendants remained until their deliverance by Moses. The locality is generally fixed in Lower Egypt, east of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile.

F. S.—The Greeks were an unusually fine race of people to begin with, and they paid a vast deal more attention to physical culture than any nation does now. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that they excelled the moderns in physical prowess.

ROSE.—The lines are by Pope, in the Moral Essays:

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And gravest casuists doubt like you and me"

It has no reference to doctors of medicine or of laws, but doctors of divinity.

E. F. F.—Strictly speaking, the first form is the correct one. We should say, for example, "Yesterday was Thursday, to-day is Friday, and to-morrow will be Saturday." But it has become so common, in familiar conversation, to say, "To-morrow is Saturday," etc., that such an expression, used colloquially, is not looked upon as erroneous.

ROLLO S.—The war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812-15 cost the latter $175,000,000. The last shot in that war was fired by the United States vessel Peacock, under Captain Warrington, who captured the Nautilus, a British vessel, in the Straits of Sunda, on June 30, 1815. The next day he heard of the conclusion of peace, and gave up his prize.

N. C.—India-rubber dissolves readily in rectified sulphuric ether, which has been washed with water to remove alcohol and acidity; also in chloroform. These make odorless solutions, but are too expense for ordinary use. The gum dissolves easily in bisulphuret of carbon; or a mixture of ninety-four parts of the carbon and six parts of absolute alcohol.

S. P. D.—Doubtless he is one of those rattle-brained, conceited nonentities—called, by a strain of courtesy, men—who imagine that every woman they meet is enslaved by their charming manners, clothes or some other outward badge of their idiocy. This being the case, it would be best to give him the cold shoulder and allow him, like water, to sink to his own level.

L. C. L.—Persons having a thorough knowledge of shorthand and type-writing seldom find any difficulty in getting situations, but they must be first-class operators. Both can be learned without a teacher, but in a comparatively unsatisfactory manner, as there are many little technicalities imparted by a teacher which cannot be gained by the study of books of instruction.

E. C. W.—It is a dangerous experiment for a girl to marry a man who is addicted to drink, in the hope of reforming him. If he will not reform himself thoroughly before marriage, it is almost certain that he will not be reformed afterwards. A reform in such a matter, in order that it may be enduring, must be based on personal principle, and not on a mere desire to gratify the wishes of others.

D. H. F.—Precious stones in their natural state are generally rough and shapeless, and have to be cut and polished to show their real beauty. They are then more appropriately called gems. The most valuable of all the precious stones are the ruby, the sapphire, the diamond, and the emerald. The garnet, and some other things, such as coral, conch shell, amber, malachite, turquoise, and lapis-lazuli, though used in making jewelry, are not properly precious stones, which may be divided into three classes, according to the materials of which they are made: the carbon, the alumina, and the silica. The diamond is the only one of the carbon class. In the alumina class are included all the stones properly called sapphires, among which are the true sapphire, the oriental ruby, the oriental emerald, the oriental topaz, and the oriental amethyst. The silica class includes the opal and the agates, among which are the carnelian, chalcedony, onyx, sardonyx, and bloodstone.

WISHING TIME AWAY.

BY A. E.

How small the price we put on time,
The golden minutes as they rise,
And with the lesser seconds climb
To bear our record to the skies.

How oft we hold the hour-glass high
To mark the sand grains as they pass;
Impatient of their great delay,
And longing for the end, alas.

Making a bauble of old time,
To toss about as we have will,
Instead of treasuring up the gem,
While traveling up life's thorny hill.

How small the worth, to us of time,
The golden minutes as they rise,
And with the lesser seconds climb,
To bear our record to the skies.

Her Mistake.

BY M. H. B.

THE unmarried daughters of the late Earl of Strangeways lived in the solemn-looking row of houses known as Derwent Place. Their residence, from the absence of all external ornament, was generally recognized as the most distinguished in the locality; while for neighbors they had the Austrian ambassador on one side, and Lord Clanmartney on the other.

Lady Alicia and Lady Horatia, with Lady Janetta, were the sole surviving daughters of the late peer; and Lady Janetta, who was a widow, lived a few doors off, having an establishment of her own. By her sisters she had long been addressed by the plain name of "Jane." It was the colonel who began the practice first; for Lady Janetta had had the temerity to marry out of her sphere—a gay dashing young officer, who brought a good deal of sunshine into her life, was always kind and affectionate, lived to become full colonel, and then, departing this life, left behind him as his widow a more graceful and pretty elderly woman than ever the girl whom he married had been.

He said the name "Janetta" was too long for every-day use, and therefore shortened it to "Jane;" and her sisters followed suit. By this time the old Earl had been laid in the family vault, and the Ladies Alicia and Horatia had vacated the grey old Castle of Strangeways, County Kerry, Ireland, and taken up their abode at No. 24, Derwent Place; while John, Baron Strangeways, the fifth Earl in succession, reigned and ruled at Castle Strangeways.

All that went to make up the daily life of the two women Lady Alicia and Lady Horatia was far too tame and commonplace to prove interesting to the active stirring world about them—at least, so folk said.

They lived very quietly, although they were tolerably rich; but that was to be accounted for by the fact that Lady Racie, as the latter was called, was a great invalid, and liked to live by rule and routine; and in such a case outsiders could not be considered.

But was it likely that two women like these, good-looking, rich, well-bred, could reach the period called a "certain age" without having had the stirrings of romance? Hardly! Still, nine people out of ten would have said that it was Lady Racie who had passed through the romantic interval, leaving poor Lady Alicia out in the cold.

In her home Lady Racie was the cherished object of those about her. She was small and had been pretty; now she was distinguished by a sort of faded prettiness which was pretty in its way, and taking also, but which one soon found somewhat exhausting.

And when it became exhausting, one discovered, to one's chagrin, that Lady Racie had a secret, an interminable list of ailments, upon which to fall back, from which one could no more escape than one could fly.

How Lady Alicia bore with the invalid all day long no one knew; but she was at once the most devoted and the most heroic of sisters.

Lady Alicia was very tall, very thin, and not without beauty. She had a style of her own, which would have been intensely attractive seen apart from Lady Racie's couch. But then when was she ever so seen?

Lady Jane was often enough in the "haunts of fashion;" but one might look in vain for Lady Alicia. And yet of the two Lady Alicia would have been the more admired. Even the old colonel, who was an honest sort of man, had acknowledged as much.

And so did another man—Dane, Lord Carisbrook. For a long time he had worshipped from afar at Lady Alicia's shrine; and, when they laid the old colonel to rest, and he could no longer haunt Derwent Place on the pretence of seeing him, Lord Carisbrook took himself off in the fine new yacht, and went to see what the outer world was like.

He left a large amount of curiosity behind, for the world took a kindly interest in his affairs, guessing that another person of noble birth and descent was concerned in all that he did.

Dane, Lord Carisbrook, was worth a "pot of money." He was considered a tremendous "haul"—the "catch" of the season—of many seasons, as the fashionable world expressed it. And, unattached, undisposed of, he chose to transport himself and his affections to his yacht and the big seas, to the confusion of society dames, whose perplexity was immeasurable.

Had Lady Alicia liked, she could have told a tale. But she did not like to do so. She grew a little quieter, however, a little more sedate, a little paler; and one or two spiteful people said pointedly—

"How plain—how very plain Lady Alicia Strangeways is getting! She looks years older than Lady Jane; and Lady Jane must be edging on for a hundred!"

But Lady Jane was doing nothing of the sort. She was at most only forty. Lady Racie made a bad second at thirty-five, while Lady Alicia had reached her thirtieth year. That did not matter a pin to Lord Carisbrook. He was a few years—three or four, perhaps—older.

The late Earl and his wife had placed their daughters at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of their family; between came the sons—the present Earl, Lord Starlingfleet, and the honorable Bob. Of the three, the Honorable Bob was the nicest, and often designated the "naughtiest;" but that—as North-country folk said—was "neither here nor there."

Lady Alicia was looking thin and worn and old; while no one could deny that Lady Racie, on the contrary, had blossomed out into a well-dressed round pink creature, who lay on a sofa and discoursed of ill-health, and who kept her sister tied to her sofacover with selfish carelessness.

"I could not live without Alicia!" she used to murmur complacently; and her sister never contradicted her.

Lady Jane, the only person who ventured to do such a thing, remonstrated with Lady Alicia.

"Don't sacrifice your life, Cia," she said. "Racie will do equally well in the house with her maid, or she might even come to me."

But the last proposition was made very half heartedly, and Lady Alicia shook her head.

"My dear Jane, how can you propose such a thing? Racie would only hamper you, and you like to be free. Bob may want you any day to go off with him to the four quarters of the globe; and, even if he stays at home, you know he and Racie do not pull together. Besides, she has always been my charge—a charge laid upon me by my mother. How can I give up that trust? No—dear Janie; Dane must go his own way—must forget me, if he can! Such things are not for me."

Lady Jane had lived much in the society of the colonel, and he was a man of vigorous thought and expression; consequently she made use of some very undignified English concerning her sister's sentiments.

"You are a fool for your pains, Cia!" she observed, with singular frankness. "Excuse my plain speaking. I should think Dane agrees with me."

Dane's opinions weighed far more with Lady Alicia than her sister's, had she had the temerity to say so; but what was even Dane's opinion compared with a promise made to a dead mother?

Lady Strangeways had always been very yielding to her second daughter's foibles, and had humored her to the top of her bent. She had a theory that Racie's was a desperate case, requiring constant and unceasing care; and, when dying, she had chosen to bequeath the care of Racie to her youngest daughter.

"You will never want to marry, Alicia," she said calmly. "The men go in for beauty nowadays."

Then, when she was dead and buried, there came Dane, Lord Carisbrook; and in his eyes Lady Alicia had not been found wanting.

But she had promised!

The sisters spent their days in inventing fresh amusements and occupations for Lady Horatia, or else in thinking of fresh places for her to visit. It was thought good to keep her mind continually occupied; but the constant changes soon became tiresome to those who were her companions.

Lady Jane, who was exempt from much of this incessant planning and toiling, found it in her heart to pity her sister.

"Even traveling may become monotonous, Cia," she observed one day at the commencement of winter, when it was incumbent on them to find some fresh spot in which to spend that inclement period.

"Yes," echoed her sister—"it is. If only we could discover some fresh place!"

"Ah, but that is impossible!" cried Lady Jane from her low chair.

"What is impossible?" asked Lady Racie, who had wakened from a refreshing nap on her couch.

Her head still rested upon the silken cushions of amber hue that made such a warm contrast to the pale pink color of her face; but she turned half round to survey her sisters at the fireside.

Now and then a dim idea would cross Lady Horatia's mind that Cia was sacrificing her life for her; but, when this thought came, it was very promptly subdued. Lady Racie believed she was a great invalid, and that as such she had a claim upon others.

Everything unpleasant or sad was kept as far from Lady Racie's room as it could be; even Annette her maid had been duly taught, and had learned her lesson. Lady Racie lived an ideal existence in the midst of her flowers, her pets, her home-comforts; and to outsiders it was evident that she was a remarkably selfish woman of the world.

Therefore, when she asked, "What is impossible?" both the sisters knew that, if she took it into her head to go somewhere, she would go, utterly regardless of others or of their feelings upon the subject.

"We were talking of some place where we could winter," said Lady Alicia.

"Must I go away again this year?" the invalid asked, with a frown. "I don't care for it; and the doctor said I need not if I did not wish to go."

"Nonsense, Racie! You know full well that you must go! I only wish we knew where. That is the thing that troubles me at present. You seem to have pretty nearly everywhere."

"I don't want to go! I prefer to remain quietly at home."

"That is just what you will not be able to do in the winter. There are always so many people one must see here then. Take my advice, Racie, think the whole matter well out, and then decide. Why not try Spain? It is a new country, and I know some people at Saville."

"The Grantleys are at Puebla," said Lady Alicia musingly.

"So they are," replied Lady Jane in her briskest tones, for she had recollected that Dane, Lord Carisbrook, was a relative of the Grantleys, and might possibly drift over to Puebla in his beautiful yacht—if he knew Cia was there. The duty of informing him of her sister's whereabouts Lady Jane felt she could perform quite easily; so she said nothing more.

Lady Racie lay quietly thinking the matter over. She liked new places and surroundings, and she was partial to the Grantleys, who were very old friends.

Nothing could be arranged until she made up her mind, and that, her sisters were aware, would be best done without any assistance from them—indeed, any expression of opinion from them might cause an instant revulsion of feeling; so Jane was careful for Cia's sake.

But the widow tripped away when she heard the door bell ring, for she knew it was the doctor, and his advice would be sought and valued by his patient.

She met him on the stairs, and greeted him impulsively. Not all her forty years of life of her matrimonial experiences had been able to take her impulsiveness from her. She simply rushed at the gray-haired practitioner, and begged his assistance.

"Alicia wants to go to Puebla, so do urge it upon Racie, Doctor Bennett! It will be the very thing for her, I feel sure."

Doctor Bennett knew a good deal about those noble ladies. He understood a little about Lady Alicia's spoiled life and her devotion to her sister.

"If Lady Alicia wants to go, she shall," he said calmly. "She deserves her share of pleasure."

"Oh, you understand! I am so glad! There is just a hope that Lord Carisbrook may turn up there too, you see. Lady Grantley says he is on his way to join them at Puebla."

"Where on earth is the place? And why has it so suddenly sprung into favor? Who sent Lady Grantley there?"

"I will answer the last question first. Sir Benjamin Barrett sent her there, as the air is so dry and mild, and her lungs are weak. Puebla has a wonderfully delightful climate. It is a beautiful old Spanish town on the west coast; and is not only mild in climate, but in the very heart of most glorious scenery. The waters are said to be medicinally good; and it has sprung into favor because it is a place which remains as it was three hundred years ago."

"Are you going too?" asked the doctor, with a smile, as he watched her animated countenance.

"I? Oh, dear me, no! I have a hundred and one things to do at home; I cannot go."

"Ah! I thought that possibly—— But never mind what I thought. I understand, Lady Janetta, that it is your wish that your sisters should spend the winter in this place. Is it so?"

"Yes—yes! It will be admirable for Racie—for them both."

He nodded his head gravely; and then she shook hands with him, and, while he went on to see his patient, she ran on to her house.

Doctor Bennett was a solemn prudent old gentleman, who was high in favor wherever he went. He entered Lady Racie's room with great gravity, understanding fully both what he was desired and what he meant to do.

He also knew perfectly what a personage Lady Janetta was in her little world, which was his as well. Hence his prescription to Lady Racie included change of air, a mild warm climate, beautiful scenery; and he added—

"Freshness is a most desirable essential; you must select a new place, Lady Racie. Let us say—oh—the south of—er—Spain."

"The very country Alicia was recommending," remarked the patient, who was greatly struck by the coincidence.

"Ah!" replied the enlightened doctor. "Lady Alicia is possessed of much sense and thought. There is a nice little place, where I hear there is also a nice colony of English people; I mean Puebla, near Seville. Have you ever thought of it? I know of a good hotel——"

"The Grantleys are staying at that very place!" interrupted Lady Racie eagerly.

"Indeed!" The doctor's face broke out into smiles. "Then I am fortunate in mentioning Puebla. You must consider the matter; but I should say—lose no time in getting away. Winter will be here shortly, and it will be too cold then to move."

For at the bottom of all her "fads" and fancies there was a latent weakness about Lady Racie of which Doctor Bennett was fully aware.

He continued to impress Puebla upon her mind; and she soon became as enthusiastic on the subject as Lady Janetta had been.

"There," said Doctor Bennett as he took his leave, after having brought his patient to the desired frame of mind—"there—that will be a lightening of my pocket to the tune of $250 or more this year! Shall I get it back some other way, I wonder? Lady Jane is a very fine woman, and I am most anxious to oblige her; but she is so abominably healthy that hardly a sore or a pain disturbs the even tenor of her life! She will have to make it up to me in other ways—that's all!"

Doctor Bennett was a widower; and from the smile that hovered around his lips one could see he had "expectations" of another kind.

Lady Janetta was a handsome woman still, and would form an ornament to any man's fireside, Doctor Bennett knew. So he endeavored to console himself for the loss of those few dollars of which Lady Racie's journey would deprive him by building a pleasing little castle in the air.

But he was making a mistake for once in his deliberate carefully planned life. He did not often make mistakes; but this was a fatal one, in every sense of the word. And, although Doctor Bennett rubbed his hands and looked gleefully at his patient, he felt uncommonly sore at heart about the matter, for, if he had a penchant in this world, it was for money. Certainly he was not singular in that respect.

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Lady Janetta had a warm corner in her heart for Dane, Lord Carisbrook, and another warmer one for her sister Alicia.

"Only think of being tied to Racie's apron strings all one's days! Of course it is very good of her, and all the rest of it; still, it does not seem hard upon Cia. And now I honestly want to scheme a little on her behalf; so I shall take it upon myself to write to Dane. He is—let me see—where is he? Where is Eleanor Grantley's letter?"

She found it, and from it she discovered that Dane and his yacht were at Lisbon just then.

And, as she closed and sealed her note—for she liked to use her husband's massive signet-ring on all occasions—she smiled half sadly.

"It is a thing that must be. Why should they continue wretched? And, if the worst comes to the worst—well, I must take Racie myself. And between us we cannot spoil Cia's life any more."

Then her maid posted the note; and Lady Janetta felt she had done a grand morning's work.

"It will be a surprise to Cia to see him," she murmured, as she closed her eyes.

* * * * * *

Lady Alicia was in the midst of surprises. First of all, Lady Janetta had startled her by suggesting that another winter should be spent in search of health and sunshine. She would have been well content to stay at home in their comfortable town-house.

There were a number of poor people who depended a good deal on her care, and to leave them meant much thought and trouble for her. She would have to make her little plans for their welfare; for Lady Alicia was not one of those who could take their pleasure and leave their poor dependents at home in misery.

Then Doctor Bennett's ready acquiescence in the scheme savored to her mind of double-dealing on the part of her eldest sister.

"It was so like Jane!" she said; "I wonder what she has in her mind?"

She would have been doubly surprised had she known. Her one idea had been to forget, for Racie's sake. It was difficult—it was well-nigh impossible; but with her high sense of duty it was clearly the only thing to be done, with Racie left in her care. For the sake of her promise she had been willing to be sacrificed. True, she had Lady Janetta to deal with; and Lady Janetta's was an inscrutable mind, ever ready to spring surprises upon others.

But Alicia was so open and so absolutely trustworthy that she could not comprehend this kind of thing in any one else. Nevertheless, a little of her eldest sister's enthusiasm fell upon her; she even became wildly anxious to go, though hardly understanding why she was so.

"It is Jane who has bewitched us all," she said, in explanation to herself. "I wonder if we shall enjoy it half as much as she prophesies!"

"It is very good of Doctor Bennett to aid me," said Lady Jane, in the privacy of her own room, "and I must make it up to him in some way."

And so it came to pass that Doctor Bennett and Annette, Lady Racie's maid, were the sufferers; for, of course, Lady Racie was only too delighted to join the "dear Grantleys," and to see Spain.

Dane, too, indulged in a few day-dreams. Alicia at Puebla! Alicia so near! He revelled in the prospect of seeing her again.

"Isn't it a monstrous shame," he said, "that she and I—two people who are not so very young—should be dancing attendance on the vagaries of a hypochondriac? Awful humbug! How self-willed women are! If Racie is all right, I'll take advantage of the situation and carry her off!"

Then he smoked two big cigars and felt complacent, picturing his days at Puebla, and beginning by degrees to grow almost happy.

Thus the time flew by; and at last the yacht lay at anchor opposite the Paseo; and Miguel, who had brought the boat safely to her moorings, soon afterwards said "Adios!" and went ashore to his lady-love.

Miguel's sweetheart was femme de chambre at the Hotel Londres, which was the one chosen by the Ladies Alicia and Horatia. And the young woman, being talkative and communicative, imparted the information to Annette, who put two and two together, after the manner of her class.

First of all, she learned the name of the yacht—the Alicia; then she was given a full and ample description of "milor," "el Senor," "Don Dano," "el Conde," and all the rest of it. Annette said—

"It's Lord Carisbrook. He has come."

She looked almost distressed as she said it, because, if Lady Alicia were to disappear, she, and she alone, would have to bear the full weight of the responsibility of the invalid. And Annette had a very shrewd idea what that would mean.

"I'll let well alone," said she. "Vat is to be vill be."

The next day the carriage duly came round, and the Ladies Horatia and Alicia took their seats for a drive.

"The Paseo," said Lady Racie complacently.

"We go there every day," remarked her sister.

"Well, if we do, it is a lovely drive; and the air is delightful!"

Lady Racie's will was law; to the Paseo therefore they went.

Dane, Lord Carisbrook, was on the lookout; and the moment the two ladies appeared upon the scene he recognized them, in spite of their mantillas and the unwonted surroundings.

After all, it was Lady Racie who saw him first.

"My dear Cia," she began abruptly, "look at that face! It is an English one, I know. Surely—surely it is not—— Yes—it is! Alicia, it is Lord Carisbrook! This is too delightful! Stop, coeher! No—that's French! Tell him, Cia, to stop at once!"

Lady Alicia had been doing her best to interest her sister, and at once gave the required order; so the carriage and Lady Racie's speech came to a full stop almost at the same moment.

Dane, raising his cap, stepped forward with pleasure in every line of his face.

Lady Alicia allowed her hand to remain in his warm clasp for a moment longer than was necessary.

"Get into the carriage, and tell us all the news as we drive along," requested the elder sister pleasantly; and the other two felt proportionately grateful.

"My news is earlier than your own; I left home first, you know."

"Yes; and you have become quite a personage!"

"Nothing to boast about, Lady Horatia," Dane replied with a smile. "The yacht attracted the people more than her own did."

Lady Horatia nodded sagaciously.

"I know," she said, with pride. "Jane wrote and told us."

"And you?" Dane inquired, turning to Cia.

Cia smiled, her eyes revealing all she felt at this unexpected meeting.

One thing however Lord Carisbrook did not reveal—that he had changed the name of his yacht. Lady Racie asked for the name once or twice; but, receiving no reply, she concluded he had not heard. Suddenly Lady Cia started up.

"Racie, I have often wanted to go and explore that tower. Shall we go now? Dane will take care of us;" and she turned to him with a smile.

Dane's eyes said, "Take care of you, my darling? That I will!" while his lips said politely, "Most happy, I'm sure!"

But Lady Racie stared, aghast.

"My dear Cia, how improper for me! It will undo all the good that has been done."

"Then, for goodness' sake," cried Dane eagerly, "do not let us induce you to go, Lady Horatia!" He turned to the disappointed woman at her side, and added quietly, "But you and I can go, Cia, all the same. There is no Mrs Grundy here."

"Go then," said the elder sister, slowly and grudgingly; "but don't be long."

The two descended and walked rapidly towards the strong round tower which guards the town from attacks from the sea. They rounded the corner, saw the carriage slowly proceeding down the Paseo, and then—they gave up the tower.

"Sit down upon this stone, Cia," said Dane imperatively, "and let us talk. How I have been longing to see you! You must tell me you did not mean a tithe of what you said."

"When?"—"When I left home."

"The reason, Dane?"

"It is all stuff! Look at her now!"

"It is the climate."

"Let her remain here, then. It will be the very best thing, too."

"She will not. She is very resolute on that score. As soon as she is well enough we are to go home."

"Tell her civilisation is a most deadly thing," said Dane. "What is the matter with her? Is it all humbug?"

"No—it is hysteria."

"All the same. Cia, you must not—you shall not—sacrifice yourself to her whims."

"That was what Jane said."

"Jane is a woman of sense. Your sister is as able to take care of herself as you are—better, in fact, for you look awfully thin and pale. Is it care, Cia? Or are you fretting a little—getting a little sad, my darling?"

He whispered the last words, his arm stealing gradually nearer and nearer to her waist; and her head drooped lower and lower as his loving words caught her ears. They were such unaccustomed words that Lady Alicia prized them all the more.

The time flew quickly, and all too soon Cia had to remind her companion that Racie would be anxious; so very slowly they retraced their steps.

"How long you have been! And was the view good?" Racie inquired querulously, as they came up to her.

"It was too high," Dane observed carelessly. "We gave up the ascent."

Lady Racie was radiant.

"Very little tires Cia nowadays," she said gaily. "I am the strong one now, Dane!"

He smiled pleasantly back at her. He was always gentle with Lady Racie.

"It is a very happy thing, Lady Racie; and I am glad to hear such good news."

Then they drove slowly back to the quay, where they left Lord Carisbrook, and returned to their hotel.

From that moment Lord Carisbrook was unfailingly regular in his visits to the Hotel Londres; and it was observable how great an interest he aroused in the two ladies—notably in Lady Racie. From being one of the suffest of old maidenly women, she became one of the most gushing. But, if Lord Carisbrook noticed these signs, he paid no attention to them. All his thoughts were engrossed by his happy meeting with Cia, and by the fact that he was now privileged to stand on a different footing from formerly.

As for Lady Cia, she grew younger daily. She became plumper, and the little angularities that had been so painfully apparent began to disappear. She lost her plainness, and even began to look really attractive.

And Lady Racie was positively beaming. There was no question now of ill-health, or weakness, or weariness. Lady Racie was energetic and active, and always indefatigable.

"It is a marvel!" remarked Annette in private. "But it is not the air which had done this. This is another thing."

The one thing which Dane had not done—but which he ought to have done—was to tell Lady Racie how matters stood between him and Cia; and this he had failed to do in deference to Cia's wishes.

"I know how she will take it," she said. "She will think I am most horridly selfish in wishing to leave her. Don't tell her just yet. Act very gently with her, and let her get accustomed to your presence."

And Lord Carisbrook did so, with fair success on the whole.

He acted on the proverb, "Needs must, when a woman drives;" but he lived to realize that he had been guilty of a gross error of judgment.

The time was so delightful that Dane allowed himself to glide down the stream and to be borne along by it without a murmur.

"I shall tell your sister now, Cia," said he one morning, when he had been at Puebla about ten days. "It is right to do so."

"Very well," she replied, with a sigh. "But remember, Dane, if she takes it badly, you must remember I warned you!"

"I will, my dearest! But in all honor I must say something. And I will also write to Lady Janetta by this day's post."

At this Cia brightened wonderfully.

"Ah, that is better! You revive me when you mention Jane; she is human."

"She is too much so," Lord Carisbrook replied, with a chuckle. "Bless me—what unbounded interest she takes in all such affairs!"

"What affairs, pray?" retorted Cia, with a blush.

"Ah, don't pretend to misunderstand me, dear! You know, if any one does. I deserve to be happy, I think, after all my long waiting."

"You deserve! Then, pray, what about me?"

"My dear Cia, you are a woman, and that is the same as saying you are the embodiment of patience and all the other virtues!"

After luncheon, Lord Carisbrook remained behind to have his talk with Lady Horatia.

He found her in excellent spirits; but her manner oppressed him—nay, it even went so far as to cause him the keenest annoyance. He stifled his feelings however. Was she not Cia's sister? And was it not of primary importance that she should be kept in good spirits?

"Lady Horatia," he began nervously, "I have something to say which you will perhaps be kind enough to let me tell you now."

She opened her eyes widely, but nodded gravely at the same time.

"It is nothing very alarming," he said, noting her look and being in mortal dread of the "consequences," as depicted by Lady Alicia.

"She may have a fit," he reasoned. "Let me get it over quickly, or else my dearest will declare that I have nearly killed her sister!" Then aloud she added, "You must have seen something of my feelings."

Lady Horatia's face seemed to be filled with sunshine.

"I am so thankful that I met you that day! It was on the very day I arrived; and from that moment my troubles seem to have ended. And now, dear Lady Horatia, I am going to tell you my secret and ask your help. You will help me, will you not?"

Although Dane imagined he was explaining matters very clearly, he saw at last that the more he talked the more puzzled Lady Racie became; he saw also that he must bring the matter to a point at once if he hoped to gain anything by the conversation; so he said more quietly—

"And now I want the affair soon over. You must have seen how things are; and I think we cannot do better than hasten matters a little—at Gibraltar, for instance. I detest a great turn-out on such occasions don't you?"

"On what occasions?" asked Lady Racie, sitting up and gripping the arms of her chair tightly.

"Weddings," he replied briefly. "I like things done quietly, you know. We can go down to Gib, and get it over there. Cia will not mind; and I am sure you will not—will you, dear Lady Racie?"

He threw a good deal of emphasis into his words, for Cia had said—

"Mind you are emphatic enough, or you will fail."

"I will not fail," he had replied; "I will be emphatic enough—don't fear!"

And so he was with a vengeance, only he rather over-did it in his anxiety.

Lady Racie was obviously touched; the tears rose to her eyes, and she pressed one hand upon the other.

"You have taken me greatly by surprise!" she murmured, greatly moved, tears rising to her eyes. "I had no idea of this; I thought things were on train very differently—were for some one else. I was told——"

"Were you? Then that was not true! Who else could it possibly be?"

She hesitated for a moment, fearing to speak.

"Not true?" echoed Lady Racie, adding rather feebly. "You have taken me at a disadvantage; I hardly know what to say."

"Say 'Yes,' dear Lady Racie! That one word will put me out of my misery and make us all happy at once."

And Lady Racie, not knowing what she was doing, blushed as she said, in a very undecided way—

"Well, I will say 'Yes,' dear Dane, if it is so important to you; but——"

"Important!" he cried aloud. "Why, it is just life or death to me!"

"I thought it was Cia," Lady Racie said to herself—"I always thought it was Cia; but I conclude I was mistaken." Aloud she said graciously, "If you are happy, I am."

"By Jove, I should think I am!" he said gaily. "It's the best day's work I've done for a long time!"

He rose, all impatience to go down to Cia; but Lady Racie was on the alert. She cleared her throat and gave a peculiarly suggestive kind of cough; then she laughed in an odd manner.

"Do you know," she began—"it is a funny thing for a woman to say—but you may kiss me, Dane, if you like."

Lord Carisbrook was staggered; he stopped abruptly in the middle of the room. Kiss Lady Racie indeed! He would just as soon kiss her fat poodle. Then she remembered that she was Cia's sister—soon to be his relative also. Cia had said, "Be good to her, poor thing!" Well, he would be good. If the goodness included kissing—— Yes—he would even stretch a point and do that also.

He stooped down with a great gravity, and allowed Lady Horatia to give him the briefest of salutes upon the cheek. Then Lord Carisbrook blushed a deep red—it was one of his weaknesses—at the notion of this affectionate reception of Cia's lover; and Lady Horatia colored crimson at this first token of affection from her lover.

It was a pretty state of affairs; and the principals were no wiser than any one else.

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Lady Racie sat still for a long time after Dane left her; then she drew forth a delicate handkerchief and wiped away a tear or two.

"Only to think of it!" she said. "What

will Jane say? What will Cis say? Once I fancied he liked Cis. How mistaken I must have been! How he pleaded for me to say 'Yes!' I don't like such an abrupt termination; but I know men do not as a rule care for much fuss over a wedding, so I must give in gracefully."

She rang her little silver bell, and Annette appeared.

"Annette, please bring me my desk; you will find it in my room."

The maid soon reappeared.

"Thank you!" said her mistress. "And now will you be good enough to write out what will be required for a dress of white silk—a very plain dress?"

"I would say gray, miladi. Gray is becoming to miladi; but not, oh, nevare —"

Lady Horatia sighed.

"It is quite true gray suits me best," she said. "Let it be gray silk, then, Annette! I will order it from Paris—shall I?"

"If it is for something special, den I vould. Lady Alicia could haf here at de same time also, if miladi does not mind."

"Lady Alicia?" repeated the elder sister, in some astonishment. "Ah, to be sure—Lord Carisbrook must have told her the news!"

"He vas talking to her," said Annette, carefully suppressing further details.

Lady Racie smiled. She opened her desk

"I have a letter to write, Annette. Now you can go out for a walk while I write it. And would you like to buy yourself that lace you wanted? If so, here is some money. Go and get it, my good Annette!"

She put some money into the maid's hands, and Annette stared, for generosity was not one of Lady Racie's strong points.

"It is de vorld vat comes to an end!" the maid exclaimed. But she thanked Lady Horatia effusively, and departed only too well pleased.

Lady Racie wrote her letter. It was to Lady Janetta, and it ran as follows—

"Dear Jane—I have news for you. Congratulate me! I am to be married soon! Guess, if you can, to whom! I know you will never find out. I will tell you, dear. To Dane, Lord Carisbrook! You thought he was fond of Cis. No such thing! He never mentioned her to me. I feel we shall be very happy; I shall be, I know. And I shall soon be well. I have grown young again. If you could come over for the wedding, how glad I should be!"

"That is a distinct fib," said Lady Racie, looking up from the sheet of paper and speaking aloud—"a very distinct fib! But what can I do? I must say something nice on such an occasion. I need not however go on fibbing, so I will not press her to come over to Gibraltar."

Then she added a few more sentences, all laudatory of Lord Carisbrook; and, when she had written them, she laid down her pen and, leaning back, folded her arms to think.

What a wonderful day this had been! She took up her silver chatelaine, and, opening her tablets, wrote the date upon the smooth white ivory.

"A red-letter day!" she said joyously. "Horatia, Countess of Carisbrook. It sounds well, does it not? What a curious world this is! And how differently things turn out from what we expect! Well, I shall do my duty, and make a model countess. I like the Castle; and Carisbrook House is as good as any other in town. I mean to be very happy. And, now I come to think of it, I really do like Dane surprisingly well!"

With the mention of this astounding fact, Lady Racie pushed away her writing-materials and made up her mind to take a nap.

* * * * * *

In the meantime Dane and Cis were enjoying themselves amazingly. Everything was promising gloriously, and they were consequently in the seventh heaven of happiness. Dane became riotously, foolishly joyous.

"You forgot your age—and mine," said Ladie Cis sadly. "We are no longer young, Dane."

"We are no older than we feel; and I feel as if I were twenty-five!"

Lady Cis laughed.

"At that rate, I should be twenty. I am sorry, dear, for your sake, that I am not."

"Thank you; but, do you know, I like you best as you are."

And then they gave themselves up to their own sweet fancies and forgot the existence of any one but themselves.

The thought of anything being wrong never crossed Dean's mind, nor had he the faintest notion that any human being could have placed any other construction on his words than that which he had intended. He was jubilantly, radiantly joyful, because he saw his way now to a life of happiness.

He had won Cis, having overborne her objections; he had carried Lady Racie with him, and had gained her cordial approbation. What more did he want? Cis's brothers, even down to the naughty Honorable Bob, were all on his side, the Honorable Bob indeed being more than willing to come out to them and give the bride away.

"I hope you were careful not to agitate Racie," said Cis at last; "so little disturbs her. She is really very delicately organized, and is easily thrown off her balance. Anything will do it."

"Faith—I'm off my balance, too!" observed Lord Carisbrook; and Cis laughed.

"I wonder what Racie thought of you?" she exclaimed quickly. "I wonder if she was startled?"

"I rather think she was," said Dane heartily; "she looked it."

"Did she? Poor Racie! I fear she will wonder how she will get on without me. I am not vain—so don't shake your head at me; Racie knows well enough that I am quite necessary to her well being."

"She has that invaluable maid, whose praises I hear sung so frequently."

"Yes; but she is only a servant, after all."

"A servant is a fine possession when he or she is faithful and true!"

"Don't be too critical! Your mind is all confused to-day. You've been to too many summer theatres in the open air."

"Not one!"

"Then what is the cause?"

"I love you—I love you—I love you!" he exclaimed. "And, if we live to be a hundred years old, that will be what I shall ever say!"

"Dane"—her hand went into his keeping—"dearest Dane!"

"My darling, why were you so hard to me before? Think what years of happiness we have lost!"

"Think of those that are before us," she replied.

"Heaven grant us many!" said he reverently.

Then they sat silent, and the scent of the roses and of the orange-flowers came in borne to them on the air, fragrant odors, telling, as it seemed, of love and tenderness and hope. Their hands were clasped; they were deeply, unutterably happy.

* * * * * *

The short evening faded and the hours flew by. The quiet hotel became animated once more. It was the hour for dinner.

"Stay and dine with us," whispered Cis; and Dane, not at all reluctant, promised.

"I will just go down and dress," he said. "And, after dinner, we will walk in the patio, and have our coffee in the garden."

Lady Alicia clapped her hands softly.

"You always arrange everything so charmingly!" she said, with a burst of admiration. "It is so delightful to have a man to think of things for one!"

Dane laughed heartily.

Then he went away; and Lady Alicia suddenly discovered that it was almost dark.

"Whatever can Racie be doing?" she said, as she ran lightly up the stairs. "She is asleep perhaps; she had a long drive this morning. Annette is most likely with her. What should we do without Annette? I wonder how Racie will take the news? What she would say to Dane is one thing; what she will say to me is another. Alas, a widely different one—I am selfish, and so on. Well, I must be patient and bear it. I cannot give him up; if the worst comes to the worst, she can live with us!"

And, feeling she was saying something absolutely heroic, Cis opened the door quickly and walked into their private sitting-room.

The room was very dark—if possible, more gloomy and full of shadows than the one down-stairs. Lady Cis started back. Her sister sat in a large arm-chair facing the door. Annette was not in the room.

"Racie," cried Cis, "why don't you ring for lights?"

Then, as Lady Horatia did not move, she continued to talk as she advanced into the room.

"How cold it is here!" she exclaimed suddenly. "How dreadfully, dismally cold! You should not sit with the windows open on both sides of you, for you are right in a draught. You will be ill again, Racie."

The moon was shining into the room, and its beams fell upon a still white face among the cushions.

Lady Alicia paused.

"How strange Racie looks—how white! What—oh, what is it? Is she—— Oh, awful thought! Is she—ill? Is she—dead?"

A wild cry rang out into the long corridors and beyond to the terrace and patio. It reached the ears of Annette, who was folding up her lace in her own room. It arrested the steps of a man who had stopped by the big iron gates to light his cigarette.

Flying back through the court, taking the stairs two or three at a time, he dashed into the room in which he had had his interview with Lady Racie. He was just in time to catch Lady Alicia in his arms before she fainted.

"What is it?" he asked Annette, who was standing by her mistress.

"It is Miladi Racie," said the maid; "she is ill!"

"Ill?" cried Lord Carisbrook, in amazement. "She was well enough this afternoon!"

"She is dead!" a stranger's voice added calmly. "I am a medical man; and I can certify that this lady died this day—an hour ago, perhaps—most probably of heart disease; she looks like that, anyhow."

The doctor had heard Lady Alicia's cry and had hastened in.

Dane waited to hear no more; he had to carry Cis from the room.

Afterwards, when he came back, he found it all true. The stranger, an English traveler staying in the same hotel, was prepared to give a definite opinion. It was all so sad, so melancholy, so terrible; but it was true.

There, on the sofa, lay Lady Racie, calm and still, with a smile upon her lips and a sweeter expression on her face than Dane had ever seen there before; and on the table lay the letter she had been writing, with the pen lying near it.

He looked at it with the sad interest which is felt in the last thing dead hands have touched.

"Cis will value this," Dane said thoughtfully.

He took up the letter, folded it, then stopped short, and flushed deeply. He read his own name.

"I am to be married to Dane, Lord Carisbrook."

"Am I mad?" he muttered, putting his hand to his head. "Or was she mad? One of us must have been! How in the name of Heaven did this happen?"

He stood so long in the middle of the room that the strange doctor grew impatient.

"Put that letter into your pocket," he said, "and read it at another time. I am in need of a little help just now, sir. Will you assist me to carry this lady? We must remove her to her room without delay."

He was horribly matter-of-fact; but he did Lord Carisbrook good. Dane performed the melancholy task; and, when it was done, he took the letter from his pocket and deliberately read it again. Then he shook his head gravely.

"No, Lady Racie," he said, with a sigh, "you made a mistake; and I shall take care that no one else knows about it. That is the last kindness I can do for you."

He tore the letter into strips, and calmly burnt them by the aid of wax matches, watching until they were all consumed.

"There," he said solemnly, when the letter was burnt, "there—that is done! It is as well." And as he spoke he shuddered.

* * * * * *

All this happened many years ago. Lady Racie's tomb may be seen at Puebla. It is very grand and beautiful, and stands in the tiny English cemetery just outside the town, at the foot of the Sierra.

But to this day no one save Dane, Lord Carisbrook, knows of Lady Racie's awful mistake—not Lady Jane, not even Lady Alicia, who is now the Countess of Carisbrook—and a very comely matron, too!

Annette never repeated the story about the white dress. She is a model maid, and is still with the Carisbrooks.

Lady Racie must have found out her mistake as soon as she had made it. The secret however is safe with Lord Carisbrook, for he is a man of honor.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it—from flowers and sunshine—from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.

At Home and Abroad.

Each instrument excels in some particular passage, the piano in scale passages, the harp in arpeggio, the mandolin in the rapid repetition of one note, the banjo in the rapid playing of broken chords, and so with other instruments, but the violin can beat them all on their own ground, while there is much violin music that can be played on no other instrument.

The company which was organized some time ago to mine the sands in the American and Sacramento rivers has fitted out a craft with three amalgamators, and an endless chain arrangement with scoops for lifting the sand from the bottom of the river is attached. The originator of the scheme thinks he will get from $1 to $2 worth of gold out of every ton of sand, which he declares will be good pay.

Last year 25,115 913 fewer cigars were made in the United States than in 1894, and 8,358 380 more pounds of tobacco was manufactured. During the year there were manufactured in the country 4 180 815 203 cigars, 3 768,011 677 cigarettes, 246,100,586 pounds of tobacco, and 11 706 414 pounds of snuff. There was an increase in the output of cigarettes of 435 768 677 over 1894, and a decrease of 477,160 pounds in the amount of snuff manufactured.

In a paper which he recently read before the Scientific Congress at Paris, M. De Lapparent expressed the opinion that all mountains will vanish off the face of the earth in course of time. He declared that, if the actual natural forces at work upon our globe retain their present intensity, in 4,000,000 years all inequalities of surface will be levelled. He instanced, as a striking example, the reduction of the Ardennes, which were once a chain of the Alps, but which had already shrunk to their present dimensions at the outset of the Tertiary epoch. The Alps, he said, exemplified the youth, the Pyrenees the maturity, and the mountains of Provence the declining years of mountain ranges, while the central plateau of France was typical of their death and dissolution.

Queen Victoria's household consists of nearly one thousand persons. Many of the posts have no duties attached to them, such as those of the bargemaster and a waterman, who each draw $300 a year for directing pageants on the Thames—now things of the past. Of the curious services rendered are those of the Queen's ratcatcher, who is especially attached to Buckingham Palace at a salary of $75 a year. Then there are four table-deckers, whose only duty is to lay the dinner cloth and to see that the plates, dishes, and cutlery are in their proper places; a wax lighter, who sees that the candles are properly placed; a first and second lamplighter, who receive $600 a year; and the Keeper of the Swans, who for $150 a year looks after the stately birds upon the Royal waters.

It is very doubtful whether there is any close relation between the power of walking and what is properly called physical strength. A Sepoy regiment will walk a European regiment to death, and do it on food which their competitors would pronounce wholly insufficient to sustain vigorous life. A regular Hindustanee carrier, with a weight of eighty pounds on his shoulders—carried, of course, in two divisions, hung on his neck by a yoke—will, if properly paid, run a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and many classes of Bengalese, who are a feeble folk, seem tireless in walking. Weight has much to do with it, and lung condition, and, above all, a certain soundness of the sinews, which have no more relation to the strength of those sinews than the tensility of a fibre—silk, for example—has to its bulk.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the [illegible] system, [illegible] of the disease, [illegible] by building [illegible] and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

BROUGHT ALL RIGHT.

BY L. O. C.

"I WISH Rosina would come and play with me," sighed Chris, as he turned the leaves of his fairy tale book, and sighed. "I'm tired of playing all the silly old games we know."

"Who is Rosina?" inquired Molly.

"She's the 'Woodland Maiden' in the story, who came to Peter."

Molly went and looked over Chris' shoulder at the pretty colored picture of Rosina.

"Why did she do that?" she asked.

"Well, Peter ran away from his wicked father into the woods, and he builded a house of branches, and he was awfully happy; only when it was evening he was so hungry that he couldn't help beginning to cry; and then Rosina came out from the trees with a basket of awfully nice things to eat, and she played games with him. She was a beautiful princess, really."

"She's very pretty," said Molly.

"She's got some very nice things in her basket," sighed Chris; and then he and Molly looked at the picture for many minutes in silence.

"I'll tell you what, Chris," said Molly at length; "if you will go down to the very end of the big orchard, after tea, and build a house, just as Peter did, Rosina shall come to you with nice things to eat."

"How do you know?" interrupted Chris.

"I do know," replied Molly, with a very knowing nod of her head.

"If you'll promise she'll come," said Chris solemnly, "I'll go."

"Yes, I'll promise," declared Molly.

So when the tea was over, and nurse had gone downstairs, Chris ran off to the orchard, and Molly was left alone.

With an air full of important business she picked up the fairy-tale book and went on tiptoe to her own bedroom, where first of all she jumped on a chair and peeped the looking glass until she could see herself quite plainly.

"She wears a big hat in the picture," she said to herself; and after thinking for a minute, she pulled out a big straw hat from the cupboard where it had hung since she went haymaking the summer before, and round it she twined her best blue sash.

"And a white frock," continued Molly. "But I can't get my white frocks!" Molly's face fell, and for a few minutes she was in great grief. Suddenly her face brightened.

"I know," she thought; and going to the big chest, she turned and tumbled the frocks and coats and petticoats until she came to her white party frock, which she pulled out triumphantly and began to put on.

"I shall be as pretty as Rosina," she thought, with a smile and a pleased look in the glass. "And I will put on my white stockings, too, and my blue shoes; Chris will be sure to think me the real Rosina."

When all this was done, Molly crept back to the nursery, and looked about for some good things to take to Chris in the orchard. On the shelf was a pot of raspberry jam: Molly knew that was nice, so she climbed on a chair and took it down.

Then from another shelf she took some biscuits and some oranges, and then seeing nothing else very tempting, she crept softly downstairs and out into the garden.

"Currants would be the very thing," she thought; so, catching up the front of her frock, she laid in it the oranges and jam and biscuits, and then began to add to her store a heap of currants and gooseberries.

"I wonder if Chris is ready," she thought; and she smiled to herself over her clever new game.

When she had picked as much fruit as she could carry, the new Rosina ran out from the garden and across the little meadow to the orchard where Chris was building his house.

The orchard was very big, and for many minutes Molly could not see a sign of Chris as she peered between the trees. But at last, as she was creeping behind a big trunk, she heard him coming towards her, singing as he came.

Molly was rather vexed that he had not stayed in his house to cry, as Peter did, until Rosina came to him, but she could not help laughing softly to herself as she thought of his surprise when he should catch sight of her. Pressing closely to the tree, that she might not yet be seen, she looked down at the collection of good things which she held tightly clasped in her pretty white frock, and then suddenly she gave a cry, and, dropping all her treasures to the ground, stepped back and looked down over herself.

And, indeed, well might she look, for behold! all down the front of that white party frock ran little rivers of currant juice and raspberry jam, chasing one another merrily till they reached the very hem.

"Oh!" cried Molly; "oh, what a mess! What shall I do?" And she stood in dismay and stared upon the crimson stains.

Up the orchard came Chris, still singing on his way, and trailing a bough as he came, until he caught sight of Molly between the trees; then he stopped his song and called out: "She's an awful long time coming. I've builded my house, and——" Then he stopped suddenly, and his blue eyes opened very wide.

"Oh! what a mess!" he cried in wonderment. And then poor Molly's sorrow seemed too much for her, and her tears began to fall.

"How did it come?" asked Chris at last, after he had stared in silence for some time at the spoilt frock.

"From the jam and currants," sobbed Molly; "I was bringing them to you."

"But Rosina was going to bring them: you told me so," objected Chris.

"I was playing Rosina," sobbed Molly.

"Oh," said Chris, in some astonishment at the change of plans; "but she never made her frock in such a one as that in the story."

But at these words Molly's sobs grew louder, and poor Chris thought it was best to try to comfort her.

"They're awfully nice things, Molly," he said coaxingly; "never mind the old frock; let's come and eat them."

"Have — you — builded — a — house?" sobbed Molly.

"Yes, a beauty; come and see. You mustn't cry if you're Rosina, 'cause it was Peter who cried in the story."

Then Chris set to work to pick up the eatables, and Molly's sobs grew less and less as she watched him.

"Jam and biscuits," he cried in glee. "Come along, Molly; don't cry any more."

Molly heaved a big sigh. "Well," she admitted, "I s'pose we'd better eat them now they're here. We'll take them to your house and have a feast."

So together they gathered up the fruit in big dock leaves, and carried it to the little house that Chris had made of branches; and as they sat under the branches and ate the good things even Molly began to feel glad, after all, that she had thought of playing Rosina.

A long time after, when nurse had searched the house, high and low, and the garden, she came upon Molly and Chris sound asleep in the orchard under a roof of fading boughs.

So the new Peter and Rosina were carried home to bed, and the party frock was put into a tub of water. But when Chris and Molly played their new game again, Molly decided that her old frock was good enough; for, as Chris said, the frock did not matter much, as long as she brought the nice things all right.

THE TERRIBLE LEAP.

BY D. E.

"WHAT is all this, my children? Whither are you all running so fast?

There was indeed, some cause to ask such a question, for half the men in the old Swiss town of Berne (which was but little different on that fine summer afternoon in 1654 from what it is now) were running and scrambling, as if their lives depended on it, up the steep, narrow path which in those days led from the lower town up to the broad level terrace in front of the cathedral, more than a hundred feet overhead.

It was some time before the quiet old clergyman—who had been unexpectedly whirled away along with the general rush, whether he would or no—could get any answer to his question as to what all this stir was about. Most of those around him knew more about the matter than himself, having merely run in that direction because they saw others running; but at length a talkative little barber told him that a young student of the town, having been jeered at by some other lads as foolish as himself (who taunted him with being unable to ride a restive horse that he had just bought), had declared, in sheer bravado, that he would ride that horse twice round the cathedral terrace, along the very edge of the precipice—and he was now just about to attempt it.

The old pastor's fresh face grew pale, and he shook his gray head meaningly—as well he might.

In truth, a more perilous feat could hardly have been attempted. The wall that guarded the brink of the precipice (which, as has been said, had a depth of more than a hundred feet) was so low that it would be no protection to a man on horseback; and if the horse were really as unmanageable as he was said to be, it was hard to see how this mad venture could end without some fatal accident.

"And who, then, is this poor boy who knows so little what his life is worth?" asked the old man sadly.

"He is called Theobald Weinzapfli," answered the other.

Again the pastor's face changed, and with good reason; for this Theobald's father had been one of his own most intimate friends, and he was very fond of the young man himself. He said no more, but pressed on up the stony rocky path as eagerly as any man in the throng.

When they got to the top, they found a large crowd already gathered on the terrace, and in the midst of a clear space in the centre sat young Theobald himself on his black horse, which was snorting, prancing, and rearing in a way that fully bore out its character for restiveness, and certainly boded no good to its rider.

The moment old Pastor Gottheif caught sight of the lad, he hurried forward as fast as his poor old tottering limbs could carry him, and, laying his hand on the young man's arm, said imploringly:

"Theobald, my son, for your own sake, and for all our sakes, do not so foolishly throw away your life for a mere brag!"

The young fellow (who, with all his wildness, had a good heart of his own) was moved by his old friend's appeal; but, like many other silly boys before and after him, he thought it more manly to persist in going wrong than frankly to own himself in fault. Shaking off the warning grasp, he snatched his bridle from the trembling hand which the old man would have laid upon it—and away went horse and man.

A quick gasp of terror hissed through the dead silence, and the lads whose loose had caused the mischief wished, when too late, their hasty words unspoken. But, to the amazement of all beholders, the fiery horse, once fairly set going, showed no trace of his recent excitement, and seemed quite as steady as his rider. Round they came; and as the bold horseman's foot actually brushed the top of the low wall over which one swerve would hurl him headlong to destruction, more than one hard brown face grew pale. But on he flew unharmed, and swept round the terrace for the second and last time, while the gazing crowd, thinking the perilous match already won, vented their relief in a lusty cheer.

Never was any shout more ill-timed. Scared by the clamor, the black horse reared and plunged wildly, made two or three frantic bounds, and then, with one mad leap, shot clear over the wall down into the fearful gulf below, carrying its rider along with it!

Meanwhile, old Gottheif, dreading to look upon what he might see, was descending the steep path again, when that joyous shout smote his ear; but scarcely had he time to murmur a few words of heartfelt thankfulness, when he saw horse and rider shoot into the air like a rocket, and fall with a dull crash at the foot of the wall.

Never yet, in his nimblest days, had good Parson Gottheif run as fast as he did then; but, when he reached the spot, he found, to his unspeakable astonishment, that Theobald, though unable to stir, was still alive, after a fall of one hundred and eight feet, the shock having been broken not only by the body of his horse (which was killed on the spot), but also by a mound of soft earth upon which he had alighted.

The poor lad's rashness, however, did not go unpunished, for he has broken an arm and a limb; but he rose from the long and severe illness that followed (all through which the good old pastor watched over him like a father) a wiser and a better man, and the life thus wonderfully spared was thenceforth spent in such a way that he became the pride of his native town.

And in after days he planed in the wall of the terrace, just at the spot where he had overleaped it, a small tablet, with an inscription commemorating his providential deliverance from death, which any one who visits Berne to-day may see for himself—as I did not so long ago.

The smallest egg in the world is said to be that of the tiny Mexican hummingbird. It is scarcely larger than a pin's head.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Germany has 22,287 physicians.

Uncle Sam employs 373,210 teachers.

The blue primrose is the latest horticultural freak

There are thirteen miles of book shelves in the British Museum, London.

The deer parks in England exceed 300. The largest in the Kingdom is Windsor.

A lawsuit to recover pew rent was brought last week by a church in Saco, Maine.

At the Transvaal gold fields whisky brings $10.50 a bottle; champagne, $12.50, and beer, $1 a bottle.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other

A French florist has offered $2000 to any one who can produce a plant which will yield blue roses.

Cuba has the right to dispose of 2.75 per cent of its revenues. Spain attends to the other 97.25 per cent.

In 1839, by an act of Parliament, the use of dogs in London to draw carts as beasts of burden was abolished

A young bridegroom in Frederick, Md., fainted away the clergyman was performing the marriage ceremony.

Haydn has produced several masses and operas, together with a quantity of instrumental music, before he was 17

British emancipation in the West Indies took place in 1834. It is estimated that 780,000 slaves were freed in that year.

Germans objecting to the habit of holding the hands in the pockets have formed a society, the Antihandindumtaschen-[illegible]

The recent troubles in the Salvation Army have brought to light the fact that this organization owns property valued at more than $4,000,000.

A play is to be produced at one of the theatres in Berlin in a few weeks the author of which is said to be none other than the Emperor of Germany.

Glass bricks for building purposes are [illegible] They are translucent, without [illegible] through them, strong and cheap.

A novel means of defense has been tried at the town of Holguin, Cuba. As proof against a sudden onslaught that town has been surrounded by thousand of yards of barb wire.

The eye of blind fish in the Mammoth Cave is a true eye, having all the parts. It is, however, covered by a membrane, and it is probable that the fish receive no more than a mere impression of light.

Maine's forests are being made into paper at the rate of about 12,000 cords of pulp and paper every year. Some 5000 men are employed in the pulp and paper industry, and $15,000,000 capital is invested in it.

A suggestion has been made in Eng[illegible] London, Bombay, Melbourne, and the like.

Date vinegar, which is now being put on the British market, is regarded as something quite novel, and superior to malt vinegar. It is noted that the Arabs and Asiatics have prepared vinegar from dates for ages past

Not many years ago the Fiji Islanders were considered incapable of civilization; but last year those same men gave nearly $25,000 to the cause of foreign missions. Orders have just been sent to London for 5000 Bibles, 5000 hymn books and 5000 catechisms, to be sold in the Fiji Islands.

At Oakland, Cal., Milton Blake, aged 9 years, was taken into custody for tampering with the United States mails. The child took from under a door a letter which contained $30 in currency, opened the letter and abstracted the money, which he afterward "offered for sale."

A toilet club for the use of dogs has been opened in Bond street, London, and they say it is an interesting experience to go through the splendidly-fitted up room devoted to the shaving and shampooing of pet dogs, while [illegible] and fashionable boys and girls are trudging through the street outside.

The cloves we use are flowers gathered before they have opened and while they are still green. After being gathered they are smoked by a wood fire and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts, a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flowers rolled up, inclosing a number of small stalks or filaments.

What is said to be the biggest thermometer in all the world has been placed in the front of the Pulitzer building, in Park Row, New York. The extreme length of the frame is 15 feet and its width 16 inches. The length of the glass tube and bulb is between 12 and 13 feet, and the tube itself is an inch in diameter, with a bore for the dark-blue colored liquid spirits, with which the thermometer is filled, of an inch in width. The big bulb is 12 inches long by 3½ inches inches in diameter

GONE BEFORE US.

BY S. U. W.

One by one they fall around us,
  Loving friends whose race is run;
Snapt the tender ties that bound us,
  Dropping round us one by one.
Thus our cherished circle narrows,
  Going as their work is done;
Bidding us who linger follow,
  Beck'ning homewards one by one.

ABOUT A QUEEN.

Those who have the privilege of knowing the Queen of England find her very good company, writes a contributor who has had exceptional opportunities of becoming acquainted with the inner life of the Court. I remember that the late Princess Alice of Hesse spoke of her mother as the most charming companion she knew.

It would be strange indeed if this were not the case, for the Queen has had the advantage of communing with all the great minds of her century, and is so modest that she is always willing to be taught of every man upon his own subject.

The Duchess of Kent, as we all know, was one of those Germans who never really master the English language. As a child the Queen was always anxious to be thought a "real English girl," and, if addressed in German, would draw herself up with dignity, and sometimes refuse to reply.

Nevertheless, as so much of her time was passed with her mother, it was but natural that her English should be tinged with a slightly German accent. Before she was out of her teens she became affianced to a Coburg prince, and as she always conversed in German with her husband the language gradually became that of the Court, and still remains so.

In speech her Majesty is, even now, not wholly English, although her pronunciation is actually purer than that of most of her sons and daughters. She frequently uses the expression "How odd!" and says the word "odd" only as Germans would say it—with a soft round vowel in the centre of it.

Of music the Queen is passionately fond. Mendelssohn, to whom she sang a composition of his own (I think it was the "Frulings-Lied"), spoke highly of her voice and style. After her husband's death the Queen had not the heart to sing or play herself, or even to listen to music; but when a few years had passed by her old love reasserted itself. There is nothing she enjoys so much to this day as playing duets with the Princess Beatrice, who, I may add, is a really accomplished musician, and is able to read at sight like any professor.

Now as to the Queen's taste in music. Mme. Albani-Gye, who frequently introduces new compositions to her Majesty's notice, such as the "Willow Song" from "Otello" and the graceful ballades of Mlle. Chaminade, has told me that she believes that the Queen in reality much prefers the music most in vogue at the commencement of her reign—of Donizetti, Bellini, Mozart, and Mendelssohn.

Of operas, "Norma," "Sonnambula" and the "Huguenots" were her favorites, and she loves to hear the old cabalettas and rondos again and again. Scottish ballads very naturally appeal to her, and when Mme. Albani is at Balmoral the Queen will bring out a volume of Scottish ballads, and beg her to give "Auld Robin Gray" or the "Blue Bells of Scotland." The ballad she prefers to all others is the "Lass of Gowrie."

Among prime-donne the Queen still holds dear the memory of Jenny Lind. The purity, passion, and power of the Swedish Nightingale's singing have, in her opinion, never been equalled. Grisi disappointed her—at any rate, in the "Huguenots," in which opera she pronounced Mario positively superb. Her enthusiasm for Mario as a primo-tenore was as great as for Jenny Lind as a soprano.

That dramatic performances are highly in favor at Court we all know. The Queen is always courtesy itself when an actor or actress is introduced to her. After a few words of compliment she will chat on theatrical subjects, recall actors of a bygone time, or, perhaps, tell some timely little anecdote.

As an audience she is excellent. Not a point escapes her, and she will take a joke as readily as anyone, and laugh as heartily, applauding with the tip of her fan at any pause in the dialogue.

Notwithstanding her great age, the Queen's eyesight is most excellent, and her hearing absolutely unimpaired. Her health is, in the main, vigorous. The only infirmity from which she suffers is a lameness which incapacitates her almost entirely from walking, and which has risen through an accident, and is now aggravated by rheumatism. With an admirable patience she bears what must really be a daily and hourly trial to so naturally active a woman.

When I was last at Windsor, wandering through the libraries, they told me there that the Queen, in former times, never allowed a day to pass without putting in an appearance in the rooms, but that now she was not able—owing to their distance from her own apartments—to reach her once favorite haunt.

On the occasion referred to I was taken over the Queen's private rooms—rarely shown, even during her absence from the castle. I was struck by the fact that, notwithstanding the splendor of the furnishing of the rooms, here and there a chair, a sofa, or a screen bore evidence of very hard wear. The brocade, indeed, covering one sofa was positively threadbare.

In one of the corridors a statue of the Prince Consort, with the Queen leaning upon his arm and gazing up in his face, attracted my notice. It was covered with transparent gauze. I was told that the gauze was only removed from the statue on Sundays, and then only during the Queen's residence at Windsor.

So conservative is the Queen in her tastes that when a wall-paper or chintz covering has to be renewed in one of her rooms she invariably gives orders that exactly the same pattern shall be used again. And if the material cannot be matched it has to be specially manufactured for her.

Among her bibelots, books and ornaments are those she has had about her ever since her marriage. An ivory paper-knife, which lies on a little table with her books in her bedroom, has been used by her Majesty every day for the last sixty years!

Grains of Gold.

When you decide that a thing is well to do, do it.

An opportunity missed, may be an eternity lost.

Perseverance is the best school for manly virtue.

The shuttle of time weaves the garment of eternity.

Sunshine is a flower-maker, smiles make the blossoms of the soul.

He who has brain and muscle to sell is a capitalist by native right.

A fool is always burning his fingers, because he forgets that fire is hot.

The generous soul in its search for truth makes a ladder of suns and stars.

Whoever would learn how to talk well, must first learn how to keep still.

The higher we ascend, the greater the necessity to "look up," and the obligation to "lift up."

Every great cause was once in a minority of one, as a forest of oaks sprang from a single acorn.

Love and laughter, walking hand in hand through sorrow and misfortune, keep alive belief in the eternal.

Duty is not measured by desire, but by possibility. We will never be given great things to do if we neglect the doing of small things.

Femininities.

Doctor: My good woman, does your son always stutter? Mother: Nos always, sir—only when he attempts to talk.

A woman might as well propose, for after she has been married eight or ten years her husband says she did, anyway.

In Norway girls are ineligible for matrimony until they have earned certificates for profoiency in knitting, baking and spinning.

The effort of Anthony Comstock to induce the New York Legislature to prohibit the wearing of tights by women on the stage has failed.

"Is it the better-half," says the modern woman, "that doesn't know as much about how the other half lives as she would like to know."

Jo says that the best lip-salve in creation is a kiss. The remedy should be used with great care, as it may bring on an affection of the heart.

At the last minute a Greenburg, Ind., maid compromised with his proposed bride for $25. The lady then turned around and married his friend.

Mrs. De Fashion, at a children's party: Marie! Nurse-girl: Yes, ma'am. Mrs. De Fashion: It's time for us to go home. Which of these children is mine?

Miss Elderly: I am sorry to say no. I should think you could read my refusal in my face. The rejected: I am not very expert at reading between the lines.

The most extraordinary costume ever seen on a lady cyclist appeared in Hyde Park, London, the other day. A widow's bonnet and crape covered coat were worn with black satin knickerbockers and no overskirt.

Charlotte Corday's skull is believed to be in the possession of Prince Roland Bonaparte. It was probably procured from Sanson, the executioner, and was originally sold with documents establishing its authenticity.

A fat French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."

A Lewiston, Me., lady owns a large brown coon cat which has just been sold for the seventh time for $8. Within a week after each sale the cat comes back to the house of the first owner and makes her appearance at meal time.

Young married man: What would you do, my dear, if I were one of those men who are in a bad humor when they get up in the morning and use bad language because the breakfast is cold? Young wife: I should make it hot for you.

That South Dakota bride who sobered her prospective husband under the pump rather than have the wedding postponed in these uncertain times, may wish before she gets through reforming him that she had left him anchored over night head first in the watering trough.

Bass: And of which variety is your wife, the clinging-vine or the self-assertive? Case: A little of both. When she wants a new dress or a new bonnet she generally begins in the clinging-vine role; if that doesn't bring the money, then she changes to the self-assertive; and—well—she invariably gets the dress or bonnet.

Queen Victoria's boudoir at Windsor is upholstered in red damask and gold. On the door is inscribed, in the Queen's own beautifully neat and symmetrical writing: "Every article in this room my deeply-lamented husband selected for me in the 24th year of my reign." Medallion portraits of all the kings of England since the Conquest are hung round a wide bay window in this room. The Queen still keeps the first bouquet that was ever presented to her by the late Prince Albert.

Seville, Spain, has been having a picturesque and exciting strike of the 5200 cigarreras employed in the tobacco factory. They rose in their wrath one morning, smashed the windows and everything they could lay hands on, and then paraded the streets. For ten days the stores were closed, the women harangued and buttonholed the passers-by and won the whole town over to their side. At last the Government made some concessions and the women went back to work before any blood was spilled, though two officials came near being torn to pieces by the maddened "Carmens."

It is said that the Queen Regent and the Privy Council of Holland are projecting a marriage for Queen Wilhelmina, who is now fifteen years of age. Early marriages are not uncommon in royal circles. Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, who came to the throne at three years of age, was married at the age of sixteen. Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who was crowned at eighteen, married at twenty-one. Queen Maria da Gloria de Braganza, born in the same year as Queen Victoria, ascended the throne of Portugal at the age of seven, and at fifteen wedded the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who left her a widow before she was sixteen, and the year after she married Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, from which alliance the reigning house of Portugal proceeds.

Masculinities.

Rich men never believe in luck, but poor men always do.

John Jacob Astor is now just thirty, and is worth $50,000,000.

The Queen of England receives in all more than $2,000,000 a year.

There is sometimes a difference between a model girl and a girl model.

Many a man who is trying to reform the world has a front gate that won't stay shut.

In Russia the principals in a duel partake of breakfast together before going out to fight.

A cynic remarks that it generally puzzles a horse to know what a woman is driving at.

The champions of the American hen claims that she adds $138,000,000 a year to the wealth of the country.

A rickety table belonging to a deceased Indianapolis man and which was appraised by his executors at 10 cents was found to contain $1700 in gold.

Hotel-clerk: A letter for you, colonel. Guest, from the South: This letter can't be for me; it's marked 'private.' I'm no private; I'm a colonel!

A St. Paul woman has filed a claim against a late affianced's estate for the expenses of her trousseau and $2000 more for the marriage that did not come off.

Chink Dollars was the name given by a prisoner in the Paducah, Ky., Police Court a few days ago, and, so far as could be learned, it was the man's actual and only name.

According to La Nature, angle worms can be obtained anywhere by wetting the ground with a solution of blue vitriol or with soap-suds—which will bring them out in surprising numbers.

The New Woman seems to have made her appearance in China. The daughter of a magistrate in Shantun acts as treasurer in her father's district, keeps the books, pays the bills and stirs up delinquent debtors.

A.: How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as a teacher? B.: Pass! She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked that poor girl about things that happened before she was born!

When Wordsworth was made poet laureate he had to borrow Samuel Rogers' dress coat to go to court in; and, strangely enough, when laureate honors fell on Tennyson he, too, borrowed Rogers' very coat for the same purpose.

The two youngest children of the Dowager Empress of Russia are devoted to music. The Grand Duchess Olga plays the violin remarkably well. Her brother, the Grand Duke Michael, aged 17, loves to accompany her on the flute, while the Empress plays the piano.

Professor J. W. Hoffman, the well-known negro scientific agriculturist of the Tuskegee, Ala., Institute, who has just been elected a member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, originated a new variety of strawberry a few years ago, which is now cultivated from New Jersey to Florida and along the Pacific coast.

If a Chinaman dies while being tried for murder in his native land the fact of his dying is taken as evidence of his guilt. He has departed; but somebody must suffer, and his eldest son, if he have one, is sent to prison for a year. If he have no son, then his father or brother gets a flogging. It's all in the family, and somebody has to pay for it.

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, carries three rabbit feet for luck. "These," he explained to a friend the other day, "were presented to me by three beautiful young ladies. They are the left hind feet of rabbits killed in a country graveyard, over the grave of a murderer, in the dark of the moon, by a cross eyed, red-headed, left-handed negro."

"I always let my daughters have their say about the color of the lamp shades and the arrangement of the doylies," said a sensible Yorktown mother to-day. "I find, as a result, that they are not in such a hurry to get married. The foundation of most girls' desire to marry is to live in a house where they can have their own way about the lamp shades and doylies."

W. Hazenflug, of Yates Centre, Kansas, has invented an apparatus which consists of a specially constructed gun, which, when loaded with the necessary material and exploded in the air, he claims, discharges a moisture-producing substance to a height of 18 miles. Three of such discharges, properly distributed, he claims, will produce a rainfall from three to five inches within 24 hours, at a total cost not to exceed $5.

Lieutenant F. G. Fisher, who took part in the Chitral campaign, says that at Malakaland there was a man with the enemy who had been a marker in a native regiment. When the attack developed he stood on the top of a sungar with a red flag in his hand. Every one, of course, took pot-shots at him, and as the bullets whistled past, he signaled "Miss, by the right!" or "by the left!" until one caught him full in the chest. He staggered for a moment, signalled "Bull's-eye," and then dropped dead.

Latest Fashion Phases.

It used to be a sort of an unwritten law that the shirt waist must be severe—plain and stiffly starched. Now the most dainty of summer materials are made into these waists, fancifully trimmed, and some of them quite strangers to any starch. Airy lawns and silk ginghams, in fact, almost every wash material, makes charming waists—ruffled and frilled, gathered and tucked, and still they are all classed under the elastic head of shirt waists.

Cuffs and collars for them are very important features. Now that fancy runs toward decorated neckwear, there is a wide variety made for these waists—detachable of course, for they have come to be the favored kind for wash waists and gowns.

Satin stock collars are going to be largely worn. They are stylish, certainly, but the dainty little lace affairs will look much more comfortable when the weather gets summery. The sleeve part of a shirt waist is the feature which changes least. They keep to the full bishop and leg o' mutton shapes of last year.

But the waist fronts—they show the onward march of the shirt waist army. They come full of ruffles, lace insertion, tucks and gatherings, and generally show a spirit of stepping out from the hitherto prescribed line of march.

In the way of new materials for the spring and summer, mohairs, goats' hair cloth, barèges, grenadines, canvas, will be preferred to crepons. For more dressy wear, soft satins and glace silks with printed patterns, taffetas, chines with flowers without leaves and rather confused designs. Tulle will be much in vogue for balls and evening dresses.

In the make there will probably be two distinct changes, namely, the sleeves reduced in size and skirts trimmed either with flounces or bows of Louis XV. ribbon. But the general effect will be puffy and voluminous, especially with the capes in light materials covered with frills or flounces, ruches, ribbons, and what not.

There is also a question on the subject of immense collars, spread out in the Medicis style, being adopted. We shall see if this idea takes later on.

In the way of bonnets, milliners are trying to bring in again wide ribbon strings tied under the chin, but as it is not becoming, and also a warm mode in summer, it is more than likely this return to old times will not be accepted.

The new hats and toques are moderate in size, the capotes small, the ornaments placed high rather than wide, and consisting principally of masses of flowers, quite hiding the foundation form—violets, roses, primroses, hyacinths; also rich Pompadour ribbon in silk and gauze.

Very few feathers are used. A hat in black drawn net is almost concealed with a quantity of shaded carnations and large bows of green and pink glace ribbon.

There are Persian ribbons for spring and Persian silks, Persian chiffons and lawns for summer, and now there has appeared the shirt waist in Persian design. It is among the early spring novelties. It is made with the stiff white collar and cuffs, comes in a variety of color combinations, and costs $2 50. The grass linen waists are also exceptionally pretty this year. The plain grass linen waist belongs to last summer's styles. This season the linen is run with silken stripes, embroidered with conspicuous dots, crossed with lines to form a plaid or trimmed with dainty frills of embroidery.

There are as many new neck adornments these days as there are women to wear them. One of the latest, and, perhaps, oddest, consists of two deep frills of changeable silk, with the old fashioned pinked edges. The colors in the silk are a rather dark green and a faint rose. A high ruche of the pinked silk forms the collar, which is caught here and there with tiny black ostrich feathers. Accordion plaited chiffon collarettes are much worn over silk waists. Many of these collarettes have each plait outlined with pearl beads. Others are finished with a fringe of feathers.

It is the narrow belt which is the vogue just now. Narrow belts of woven gilt and silver are much worn, and many of them have a bit of a miniature for the clasp. Other narrow belts which are considered stylish are made of vari-colored spangles and are worn with both cloth and silk gowns.

It has been said by some observing, discriminating man that "Half of the fascination of the nineteenth century woman lurks in the folds of the tea gown,' and yet the new woman has a growing ambition for bloomers. Tea gowns and negligé jackets, so suggestive of comfort and complaisant sympathy with the moods of the wearer, were certainly high in the ascendant of dress during Lent, when the hours not devoted to church and charity are supposed to be given up to restful meditation at home. The finely crinkled crepons, which are fast going out of fashion for other gowns, are especially desirable for this variety of dress, because they are soft and clinging, and come in such pretty light tints, but flowered crepes and Dresden patterned silks are much used. China silks with all-over Persian patterns are not very expensive, and make very useful and dainty gowns, lined with nun's veiling, to give them a little warmth.

The popularity of the ribbon has brought about the revival of the sash. The summer girl will wear sashes on as many occasions as possible. It is hinted that even the new woman will look upon the sash with favor. The sash of the coming summer is not like the one worn a few years ago. In place of the long loops, the ribbon is tied in a pert butterfly bow. It stands up, instead of drooping down. The ends, however, are equally as long. They reach close to the bottom of the skirt. The front of the new sash is shaped like a girdle, giving the waist a more slender appearance than if the ribbon were merely wound about it.

Much trimming is the order of the day in cape fashions. Broadcloth capes, in spring-like shades of tan, with elaborate applique work, are seen in all the shops.

The sole effect in capes is a new thought, and a very striking one. To have the long ends in front is to be strictly up to date.

Plaited chiffon and lace and numerous ribbon bows are the principal make-up of all the airy spring capes.

A very curious sleeve thought is shown in a pink taffeta silk waist. A ripply, ruffly piece, not unlike the dorsal fin of an eel-like fish, runs from shoulder puff to waist on the outside of the arm. Such a finish when made of chiffon of a contrasting color is particularly catching. Really this is a sort of return to aboriginal styles. Wherever savage man or woman wears clothes enough to speak of, some such a border of fringe or slashings—of porcupine quills or feathers—is reasonably sure to show in leggings and arm dress.

Word from Europe is that manufacturers are unwilling to venture much further with warp printed stuffs. Most of them believe that the day for the e goods is passing. Of course, it will be many a day before they disappear entirely. Orders the manufacturers take now will be for next fall's selling—or later. Their course is significant only as a faint shadow a long way ahead of the event.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Lovers of cats will possibly appreciate a stoneware trough marked "Pussy," a privilege heretofore usurped by "Doggie."

At most of the shops there are nests of wastepaper baskets, in pretty art colors, such as green, terra cotta, old gold and red, the largest big enough to hold a palm, and the smallest a very minute fern, but the newest thing in this kind for flower pots is made of the Sotetus palm; these are cheap, and very prettily plaited.

A novel notion is a brush case made in cardboard, and covered with figured silk, with a lid that can be raised, on which is a pincushion, while a wheelbarrow in wicker-work has been turned to account for a prettily bedecked silk and ribbon pincushion.

Bonbonnieres have assumed many new phases, toothsome dainties are stowed away in what appears to be a traveling clock or a Japanese teapot, a yawl or a yacht, a van, a luggage trunk, a hop wagon, a Noah's ark, and other curious conceits.

The muffs, which have been brought out this year in plush and velvet, elaborately trimmed with feather tips, fur tails and bows of ribbon, appeals to the young ladies, and without doubt would be very gratefully accepted; they are calculated to to give a very necessary finish to a toilet.

Penwipers are especially dainty this year, heads rising from the midst of the leaf-shaped cloth, wearing some distinctive headdress, such as the tricorn hat of black velvet with a ball at each corner, and showing a dainty little tie and waistcoat, the cape collars being appliqued on to the penwiper. A silver monkey with a brush on its back serves for penwiper and letter weight combined, while a tortoise opens at the back to discover a receptacle for stamps. Particularly attractive is a clock and a barometer for hanging on the wall at a most remarkably low price. Leather brush cases, well made, have been much reduced in cost, and those who would like monograms upon them, as well as purses and other personal addenda, may have very delightful ones in pearls and silver ready to apply.

Satin wood is much the fashion, and has been applied with excellent effect to an eight day clock, while ebony would seem to have it all its own way, whether it be in paper knives, clocks, or other handsome addenda. One of the newest pipe racks is an alligator in carved wood, very quaint, and a capital addition to a smoking room.

Following in the footsteps of the period of Louis XVI., clocks, photograph frames, and many other useful items are set in china frames of that period, as well as pretty match boxes, etc. Untarnishable gilt in the designs of that particular age have also been brought to the fore, and there are many delightful novelties in ormolu which we had for a while discarded.

Practical cases for trinkets have accompanying divisions for gloves and handkerchiefs. Photograph books have been brought out in a new plan for cabinets, opening in the centre and drawn out on either side, so that the whole range can be seen. Music cases are made now big enough to hold sheets also, and have an accompanying button hook and horn.

A great deal might be written with regard to immoral cheapness, though we all appreciate obtaining what we want at small cost. Only a few cents would purchase a little nickel case holding pen, pencil, and a store of ink, small and portable for the pocket or traveling bags. Cases for matchboxes in nickel have an accompanying pig at the side. Oxylonite has been turned to account for small stamp boxes and other uses. China with Pompadour bouquets has been applied to the back of brushes, and also to very prettily shaped china photograph frames, another departure being made in silk edged with cord. Small oblong almanacs in leather frames are arranged as paper weights.

Quite delightful is the "Charley's Aunt" bonnet brush which stands erect with the white bristles surmounted by an admirable effigy of the old lady in her black silk dress and white fichu and cap, made in black, pink, blue, or heliotrope satin, just big enough to hold the glass, with a moderate nesding, and worked all over with sprays of paillettes, black on the black satin, and steel on the lighter colors. A small novelty is a black ebony clothes brush for the waistcoat pocket, so useful after a dusty drive. An owl with a brush in its head and one at its feet is a novel stand. Stationery cases have assumed gigantic proportions, turning down with flaps, and holding not only all the paper and envelopes, telegraph forms, etc., but have books of reference slipped in at the side.

Poached Eggs.—Fill a spider over half full of hot water, add a tablespoonful of salt, break some fresh eggs in a saucer, keeping the yolks whole; when the water begins to bubble, slide the eggs into the spider, and let cook slowly until the white is done, remove with a skimmer to a hot platter, being careful to have no water, put a piece of butter on each egg and serve.

Tarts.—When pies are to be made it is a good plan to make more crust than needed for present use, and bake it up in shells for tarts. Bake in the gem pans. These shells will keep quite a while in a clean tin box, and are handy for emergency to heat a moment in the oven, then fill with some nice jam or jelly. They make a pretty addition to the tea table.

Beef Tea Without Heat.—Take one-third of a pound of fresh beef, mutton, poultry or game, minced very fine; place it in fourteen ounces of soft cold water; to which has been added a pinch, or about eighteen grains, of table salt and three or four drops of muriatic acid; stir all with a wooden spoon, and set it aside for an hour, stirring it occasionally; then strain it through a gauze of sieve, and wash the residue left on the sieve by means of five additional ounces of cold soft water, pressing it, so that all the soluble matter will be removed from the residue; mix the two strainings, and the extract is ready for use.

Oyster Salad.—Boil two dozen oysters in their own liquor for five minutes, drain, and stand on ice till very cold. Arrange crisp lettuce leaves in a salad bowl, put the oysters on them, pour over a teacup of mayonnaise dressing, and serve very cold.

Rice Flour Batter Cakes.—Melt one quarter of a pound of butter or sweet lard in one quart of milk heated not quite to the boiling point. When the butter is melted pour one-half the milk into a separate pan, and stir into it three eggs beaten very light and a large tablespoonful of wheat flour. Then add rice flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. Into this a small teacupful of good yeast is to be stirred, and the mixture then thinned by adding the unused half of the milk. Then cover it and let it stand until it has become very light, when it is ready to be baked like buckwheats.

Coffee Custard in Cups.—Mix well eight egg yolks with eight ounces of sugar; dilute with six custard cups of boiling milk and a good cupful of black coffee; pass through a fine strainer, fill the cups and put them in a low pan with boiling water to half their height; take off the froth that may rise to the surface, cover the pan and let simmer gently for twenty minutes. When the custard is well set let it cool in the water, drain, wipe the cups and serve cold.

Prune Mould.—Boil one pound of prunes for an hour in half a pint of water with the finely peeled rind of a lemon, then let it stand till cool, when the stones must be removed and the prunes bruised till quite tender, and finally pulped through a coarse sieve. Now stir in the strained juice of a lemon and one ounce of best sheet gelatine dissolved in a very little water. Simmer this all well together for twenty minutes, then again set it aside to cool, when it must be poured into a mould well rinsed in cold water and allowed to set. Serve with whipped cream and garnish with shred almonds.

Savory Dish.—A very savory dish may be made with one pound of lean buttock-steak. Ask the butcher to cut the steak thin, then divide it into four or five slices, and brush each piece over with egg. Sprinkle the pound of meat with two teaspoonfuls of finely-minced herbs, and season with pepper and salt. Cut or mince some onion. On each piece of meat place half a teaspoonful, and roll up the pieces tightly, and either fasten with small skewers or tie round with thick white cotton. Into a stewpan put three-quarters of a pint of good stock, and lay in the rolls of meat. Cover them with one or two slices of bacon, and let all stew very gently for one and a half or two hours. When done, take them out, carefully remove the skewers or thread. Thicken the gravy with flour, slightly color it with browning, and flavor with any kind of sauce that may be handy. Then boil up the sauce once more, pour it over the meat, and serve very hot.

GLITTERING GEMS.—The emerald is now one of the rarest of precious stones.

An uncut diamond looks very much like a bit of the best gum arabic.

The diamond in a sufficient heat will burn like a piece of charcoal.

The island of Ceylon is the most remarkable gem depository in the world.

Every gem known to the lapidary has been found in the United States.

The Orloff diamond is believed to have been responsible for sixty-seven murders.

The diamond, if laid in the sun and then carried into a dark room, shows distinct phosphorescence.

When a fine ruby is found in Burmah, a procession of elephants, grandees and soldiers escort it to the King's palace.

The sapphire which adorns the summit of the English crown is the same that Edward the Confessor wore in his ring.

When Pizarro sacked Peru many gems were obtained, but a splendid emerald, as large as an ostrich egg, and called the "Great Mother," was hidden by the natives and never found.

NO CLOSED DOOR.—The difference between the Chinese and Europeans is brought out by the following characteristic. In China, private houses are surrounded by a wall, and have no windows looking on the street.

Nevertheless, there is no domestic privacy in China. No one thinks of objecting to the entrance of perfect strangers through the ever open door. To close the door would provoke the inquiry—

"What is going on within, that they are afraid to have everyone see and hear?"

And from that moment the social doom of that family would be sealed.

The Occidental question to an intruder would be, "What business have you here?"

The Oriental reply would be, "What business have you to keep me out?"

The Chinese adage covering this matter is, "If you would not have known that you do it, do not do it."

A CLOSE SHAVE.

I OUGHT to have been contented. In a certain sense I was. Yet all worldly affairs may go well with a man, but still there may be a something in his life—the little rift within the lute, which sets things a jangle.

At the age of two and thirty I had been presented with the little country living of Hardenlea, a lovely spot in the midst of the Sussex Downs; and I can assure you, very proud I felt as I looked at the gray little church and ivy covered manse and knew that they were mine.

The income was not large, but quite enough for a man with plain habits to be very comfortable upon.

Yet there was a vague sense of a something wanting in the place—like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. One evening, as I sat in the dusk over my library fire, for the evenings were growing chill, though the days were still warm and sunny, it once again made shape in my brain.

What the manse needed was the presence of a wife. Tom Craddock's letter (Tom was the son of Craddock, the large ironfounder), which I held in my hand, had set me thinking—and sighing too. He had written briefly thus:

DEAR NED.—"In six weeks I am to be married. Of course, Jane is the dearest, the best, and all that kind of thing, but I can bore you with that when I see you, for this is to say I am coming down to visit you in your home, dear fellow, before I quite surrender myself to matrimony.

Your old college chum,
"TOM CRADDOCK."

Gazing at the fire, there seemed to grow out of the glowing coals a fair young face, with soft violet eyes that looked back the love that I looked into them. I saw a conservatory where I had made confession of that love, where it had been whispered back with the faint blushes; for a space I had held the owner of the face to my heart, our lips had met. Then I had hastened to the study to see her father—and then—the golden dream was over.

He had other views for Kate. Excuse his saying it, but he did not consider it honorable for a man to win a girl's affections—a girl who could do well in life—when the man had only the probability of a starvation income to keep her upon. And so on, ending with a request that, as a man of honor, I would not see nor communicate with my darling again.

So it ended. And I sat alone over my fire, and the manse had no mistress. That was five years ago.

My dreaming was interrupted by the sound of a quick step up the gravel path, followed by a loud, I might say authoritative knock at the door.

"Some one determined to come in," I muttered, rising, and lighting the lamp. "Most certainly to come in. He is scraping his shoes."

I had scarcely got back to my chair, when my servant announced a gentleman wished to see me. On my bidding him be shown in there entered a well-dressed, rather aristocratic-looking, handsome man of apparently thirty. His complexion was colorless, his hair and moustache dark, as were his certainly fine eyes. Seemingly, all outward evidences were in his favor; but even as I beheld him I took a dislike to him. Evidently there was no affinity betwixt us.

"I have come, sir," said the visitor, after taking the chair placed for him, and though he spoke civilly, there was a tone of harsh authority in his voice, "to request you kindly to do me the favor of performing the marriage ceremony, we, the lady and I, like other idiots, cynics would say," laughing shortly, "being anxious to get wedded."

"Certainly," I replied. "By banns? Are you residents——"

"Oh, no, not banns," he interrupted. "I have a special license," producing it. "Circumstances which I cannot enter into, and which I need not, I believe—the lady, even as myself, being of age"—touching the license, while, I imagined, he cast a defiant glance at me, "have already given up permission to commit, again as the cynic would say, the folly. You, sir, have but to put the seal to the contract."

Assuredly I did not like him. I began to guess this was a runaway match; but he was perfectly right, the consenting parties being of age, I had nothing to do with their private affairs. I only had to marry them.

"Quite so," I answered, quietly; "the church shall be opened at eleven, or a quarter past at the latest."

The look he gave confirmed me it was a runaway match.

"Eleven to-morrow?" he exclaimed; "I thought to-night——"

"To-night," I repeated, and my repugnance to the fellow increased. "Do you really think, sir, that a gentleman can rush in upon a clergyman, and holding a special license like a pistol at his head, exclaim 'Marry us,' and without warning, he must hurry on his surplice and comply."

"Hang the surplice!" I heard him mutter.

"Sir!" I ejaculated, sternly.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I was disappointed and annoyed."

"Why this haste?" I remarked.

"That is my business," he rejoined, shortly; then, "Do you not see the lady is with me, and for her sake I would have the ceremony performed as speedily as possible?"

It was the first sentence he had spoken which made me feel with him. It was quite true, still I can't tell why I said:

"There are two hotels in Hardenlea; I suppose the lady is now at one?"

"Of course," he answered, curtly. "At the Unicorn."

He was pulling at his dark moustache in evident fury, his eyes bent on the ground. Extending my hand, I took the license and read it. "Edward Blatchford, bachelor; Cassie Lavington, spinster." Fortunately I did not utter the exclamation that rose to my lips; fortunately my visitor's eyes were on the carpet, and he did not see the start I gave.

Cassie Lavington! The name of the younger sister of the girl I loved. Could it be only a coincidence? Had Mr. Lavington's "better and different views for his daughters" forced Cassie, pretty, fond little Cassie, to this?

For a moment I felt compassion for my visitor, almost a desire to run the ceremony quickly through; but looking up at the instant I caught such an expression on his handsome face that my repugnance was augmented, and I felt more loath to perform the marriage.

Heaven alone can tell why, but I resolved I would not until the time I had stated, then I must; I had no right to refuse.

When Edward Blatchford raised his head, I had resumed my ordinary expression.

"My dear sir," I remarked, calmly, "do be reasonable. It is nearly nine o'clock. This evening would be impossible. Only the most extraordinary reasons would excuse it."

He appeared about to say they existed, but paused, no doubt alarmed that persistency would create suspicion.

"But, sir, you say eleven to-morrow. Why not before?" he asked.

"For this reason," I answered. "I leave here by the earliest train for Blotchington, where I have to marry a couple also by special license, a very big affair, but I will be back by eleven."

This was no excuse, but truth. They were old friends of mine, and it had long been an engagement that I was to marry them.

"Possibly," I continued, "under the circumstances, you would like to obtain another clergyman's services?"

"No," he replied, promptly rising, adding, brusquely, "I might go further and fare worse. You have promised me you will be prepared at eleven?"

"I have."

"I may depend on you, sir?"

"Sir, I am a minister of the Church, and have given my word."

"All right," he took his hat. "Good-evening."

"Good-evening," I replied, and saw him out. "Handsome, a gentleman in look, but not a gentleman," I reflected, as I also, after he had gone, took my hat, for I purposed to follow him. I wondered whether, as a gentleman, he would not stay at the same hotel as the lady.

I saw him enter the Unicorn. For half an hour I paced within view of the door. If he did not come out again I could do nothing. But he did come out, and, going down the street, disappeared into the Royal Swan. Then I crossed and went into the Unicorn. I had determined to see the lady and ascertain if she were indeed Kate's sister.

My office made my request to see her by no means singular. Sending my card, I waited; one, two, three minutes, and I was asked to step up. I entered the sitting room, the door closed. I looked; there, at the other side of the room, stood Cassie, my darling's sister. She had come quickly forward, ejaculating:

"Oh! Ned, is it you!"

Then she halted, covering her face.

"Why, Cassie," I said, "what is all this?—an elopement?"

"Yes, Ned; you understand, don't you?" she answered, shyly, but evidently agitated. "Papa would not give consent, so—so Edward persuaded me to elope."

"I don't agree with him, Cassie. But who is he?"

"He has independent means—not much at present, but he has certain expectations."

"Yet Mr. Lavington would not listen? Like him, eh, Cassie?" I said, lightly.

"Yes; but—how, Ned, did you come here?"

"Why, I am to marry you to-morrow at eleven."

"You!"

"Yes; the living of Hardenlea is mine."

"How strange," she murmured.

"Is it not? And, Cassie, you don't regret the step you have taken? It is a grave, a serious one."

She glanced up with a half startled query in her eyes, then answered:

"No; why should I? If I did, it is too late."

"No, not too late, Cissie, until the ring makes it so," I said, all my repugnance to the man in arms.

"It is too late," she repeated; then, abruptly burying her face again in her hands, burst into tears.

"Cissie," I cried, "you do not mean that this man——"

"No, no, no!" she broke in; "but can't you see, Ned, I am too compromised to go back—if—if I wished? It was not to-day I ran away, but yesterday. I stayed at the Langham last night, he at Charing Cross. He said it was to throw papa off our track, and—and he had to get the license."

The poor girl was now crying bitterly. I perceived that she had found elopement in theory more agreeable than in fact; that she was frightened—frightened of Blatchford, and I suspected would have given much to have been safe at home again.

But to my hint she answered at once that she considered herself honor bound to her betrothed. She would wed him as she had promised. So I took my leave with cheerful words. She smiled back, but only to hide her tears.

The more I had heard of Blatchford the more I disliked, mistrusted him, and I thought, whatever comes of this marriage shall not take place if I can help it.

Still, I have no authority, and Cissie holds herself in honor bound, though I would declare she is repenting the rash step she has taken. But what can I do? There is only one way. I must bring her father here. How? By telegram. That must go from the principal town at this hour.

Procuring a horse, I rode into Winchester, miles distant, and wired, "Cissie is here. Lose not a moment."

"Now it all depends if he be at home to get the telegram," I thought, as I rode home. "If he be absent searching for her, he may not, and the marriage must take place at eleven, or most probably he'll be carrying poor Cissie off elsewhere."

I almost feared he would as it was, and slept little that night. All the time I was away performing my old friend's marriage I was thinking of Cissie. Would Mr. Lavington arrive and take possession of her? (I felt certain Cissie would go—gladly), would there have been a scene?—a nine days' wonder for Hardenlea? Would it all be over by the time I got back? I heartily hoped so.

But no. To reach home I had to pass the church, and—I was late, I had not hurried—I found my clerk already busy there with marriage preparations. I learned later Blatchford had found him out, and made liberal use of the golden key.

Did ever any clergyman so dawdle over making ready? I believe I half drove the bridegroom mad with angry irritability. There was one train due which might bring Mr. Lavington in time, though the service would have commenced. I did commence, but he had not come. There was neither rush of wheels nor feet. The birds chirped undisturbed before the open doors.

Cissie was very pale, and nervous, not to say frightened. Her eyes showed she had been crying.

"Why doesn't she faint?" I thought. "If she only would."

But she would not. The sentimental young lady of the early portion of the century is out of fashion.

"Well," I muttered, mentally, "it doesn't matter. If they had come they would have been here before now. So—now for the ring."

Edward Blatchford had placed it on the book when a loud voice exclaimed:

"I forbid the banns!"

I turned, and lo! coming quickly from between the pulpit stairs was Tom Craddock, his face angry, flushed.

"You villain!" he cried, making for the bridegroom. "You are our clerk, John Snell, who forged that check for $5,000."

Edward Blatchford, or Snell, did not wait to affirm or deny. He had gone like a flash, and Tom after him.

Here let me say, and have done with him, that he was tracked down in London, tried, and convicted.

Poor Cassie had fainted now, or nearly so, and I had her taken first to the vestry, then to the manse, where she speedily recovered, and was very ashamed, but very glad.

Mr. Lavington arrived by the next train—he had been out when the telegram reached his house—and could not express his thanks sufficiently to me. Cissie was his favorite.

I told him I exacted payment, at which he looked startled, until I said it was that he should not scold Cissie, who had been punished enough.

"By Jove! you're a good fellow!" he exclaimed, and became thoughtful, with this result:

On my seeing them off at the station, drawing me aside, he said:

"Moore, my dear boy, you have done me a great service. Come and visit us. Kate will be no end glad to see you—I believe she will die an old maid if she doesn't wed you—and I think she's right."

The manse has a mistress now.

MILLIONS IN IT.—A German who had vainly tried to make a fortune in different ways, at last fell ill. But on what the doctor declared to be his death bed an idea with millions in it struck him.

He immediately sent for a lawyer, and dictated a will, in which he bequeathed enormous sums of money to his wife, his family, and various charitable institutions.

The lawyer, a notorious talker, spread the tidings, and great was the chagrin of numerous acquaintances to think how they had neglected to pay court to the dying millionaire.

Our strategist wasn't so ill as the doctor had supposed, however, and presently he recovered. Then it was that fortune hunters begged him to invest their money, urged him to accept their loans, and gave him a credit second to none in the city.

At first he coyly refused these flattering testimonials, but was gradually forced to relent, and, having lived in clover for a considerable time, he has just failed for an enormous sum.

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I saw a model husband—in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem;
A moral man, to sceptics be it known;
The wife he loved and cherished was—his own;
And for the rest—I saw the husband wait
With horse and chaise five minutes at the gate,
While Jane put on her things; nor speak one sour
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like Patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to find a button gone.
—H. A. L. D.

Of no earthly use—Angels' wings.

A man of mark—The tattoo artist.

Notes of admiration—Love letters.

New name for a fog—The air apparent.

Comes to the scratch—The mangy dog.

A swell affair—Dried apples and water.

Fruitful suggestion—To consume time—eat dates.

Book-keeping in one lesson—Never lend them.

Vested interest—Money in the waistcoat-pocket.

The most modest thing in creation—The retiring tide.

When can "donkey" be spelt in one letter?—When it's "U."

The best thing in the bed of the ocean—The sheet-anchor.

Barber: How will you have your hair cut?

Customer: Off, I suppose.

Why is a sheet of postage-stamps like distant relatives?—Because they are only slightly connected.

Why is a popular novel like autumn?—Because its leaves are quickly turned and always read (red.)

Why is a very old umbrella that has been lost as good as new when found?—Because it's re-covered.

The man who stole a glance has not yet been arrested, although his attention was arrested when he stole the glance.

A person took away an umbrella from a pedestrian in front of him.

"Permit me," he said, "to return your umbrella. I found it in my eye."

A.: Were you moved by her music?

B.: Yes—it amounted to that. I think we should have kept the flat for another year if it hadn't been for her.

Smart niece: Poor Miss G. is a confirmed kleptomaniac.

Aunt Tillie: Dear me—why don't she take something for it?

"It is said there is little difference between genius and insanity."

"Well, there's one important difference—the authorities protect us from the lunatics."

"I suppose it's all understood between George and Clara?"

"It's as well understood as it ever will be. She lisps, and he stutters, and they're both a little deaf."

A little girl somewhat noted for her quaint and original sayings said the other day at the breakfast table that "she had got a piece of bread head-first down her coughpipe."

Mamma: You know, Johnny, when mamma whips her little boy, she does it for his good.

Johnny: Mamma, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me.

A certain judge, fresh from the criminal court, was attending a reception. A young lady approached him, and asked:

"What is the time, Sir John?"

"Six months!" replied the absent-minded justice.

"Tell me now," said the earnest person, "what difference, if any, there is between the two parties?"

"Come to think of it," said the gentleman after the office, "salaries are the same, no matter which party controls them."

The elevator boy in the big flat was airing his views to a passenger on the proper conduct of children.

"What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger. "You're not married, are you?"

"Well, no," replied the boy, "but I've brought up a good many families in my time," and then he gazed up the elevator shaft with a rapturous expression.

"If you don't clear out of here in a minute, I'll scald you!" exclaimed the wrathful woman of the house to the persistent pedlar.

"That water on the stove won't be hot for half an hour yet," answered the pedlar; "so you had better let me sell you one of those patent automatic tea-kettles that heat water in less than two minutes over a slow fire. If you had one of them I should have been scalded and on my way long before this to sell something to the woman who is attempting to keep house next door."

LAUGH AND GROW WELL.—In a singular treatise on laughter, the writer gives an instance that is of itself laughable enough.

A patient being very low with fever, and the physician in attendance being at a loss as to how he should produce a reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb; but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded.

Not long thereafter, a pet monkey belonging to the patient that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet in which the nurse had prepared the rejected medicine still standing on the table, slipped slyly up, took it in his hands, and put it to his lips.

The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace, but he disliked to give up. Another sip and he got the sweet of the syrup. His grotesque visage brightened.

He cast a furtive glance round, and then sat quietly down, with the goblet grasped firmly; and pretty soon he had placed it to his lips, and drank to the dregs.

Perhaps there had been half a wineglassful of syrup of manna—not more—while the rhubarb had all settled. But he had found it, and before he had fully realized the change of taste he had swallowed nearly the whole of the nauseous dose.

The patient was spellbound. Never in his life had he seen anything so grotesquely and ridiculously human! The visage of the disgusted monkey was a study.

It was a whole volume of utter abomination and chagrin. He ground his teeth, and actually stamped his foot, as he had seen his master do when in wrath.

Anon the climax came. He stood up, his eyes flashed, he grasped the goblet by its slender stock with all his might, shut his teeth, and then, with a spiteful, vengeful snap, he hurled it with mad fury upon the floor, and seemed entirely satisfied as he saw the thousand glittering pieces flying about.

Never before had the patient seen anything to equal it. The whole scene, and all the circumstances—everything about it—appeared to him so supremely and comically ludicious, that he burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came in to see what was the matter. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, more heartily, if possible, than before—laughed until he sank back exhausted, and in a profuse perspiration.

The nurse anxiously sponged and wiped his skin; he perspired and laughed again until he slept. When he awoke the reaction had come, the fever had been broken, and he was on the sure road to convalescence.

LET us give freely and generously of the best that is in us; let us communicate gladly all the warmth and light that have cheered us and may cheer another; but, when we are gloomy and disconsolate, sick and suffering, perplexed and annoyed, when our feelings are excited and sore and our thoughts bitter, then let us generously and manfully hold our peace and not burden others with our troubles.

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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.00, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 5.00 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.3[0] p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 3062 Market street and at stations.

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A PLAIN THING like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked." Try it in your next house-cleaning

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What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.